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# MONTHLY PANORAMA.

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FEBRUARY, 1810.

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## MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

TO write the memoir of a fashionable woman is to describe a round of dissipation which is called pleasure, scenes of pride and apathy which are called *ton*, and rattle and affectation which are denominated high life. From the time that a woman of fashion is *brought out*, until the period in which she is brought to her last home, although there may be perpetual change, there is little variety. Dress and diamonds ; extravagance and distress ; matrimony and a settlement ; a coach and a crim-con ; a rout and a run-a-way, repeated through the usual routine of mutations, and attended by the customary round of circumstances, constitute the entire existance of that forced and feeble animal, a fine lady. Whatever romance writers may say, SELFISHNESS is the characteristic of rank ; and for the number of persons in high life, there are found, comparatively speaking, ten times more devoid of high principle than in the middling orders of society. In the connection between husband and wife, each is proverbial for nuptial infidelity. In short, the very refinement of luxury touches upon the extreme of corruption. The evil, indeed, lurks in the banquet, and riots in the ball. A repetition of mere

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amusement sickens, and vice, it is found too late, must accompany idleness.

Whatever be the disposition of a woman in high life, she must, if she participates in the dissipation of her compeers, partake a portion of their peculiarities. That there are many women of worth and virtue, of talent and generosity in the highest ranks of the aristocracy, it would be superfluous to assert ;—but these, in order to preserve the characteristics of the species, must affect the giddiness and dash, the occasional laxity of expression, and the bold indifference of deportment which distinguish the tribe.

Among the women who have figured in the fashionable world, whose names we daily see in the newspapers, and whose carriages are nightly vociferated in the streets, there is not one, perhaps, so highly distinguished as the DUCHESS OF GORDON. Clever, *off-handed*, and unaffected : this woman has accomplished more for her daughters in the matrimonial way than any other family in Great Britain, without sacrificing one night's amusement or a single rout. Indeed her amusements were made subsidiary to her designs. She is a rare and exemplary instance of prudence in the midst of dissipation, of an excellent mother and a rattle of the very first order. Her entire life has been spent in the *best* society, and, wonderful to relate, without violating any moral or maternal tie.

Her Grace is now in her sixtieth year, having been born in 1750. She is the eldest daughter of Sir William Maxwell, a Scotch Baronet, more remarkable for a fine family than a large fortune. Jane, the present Duchess, was the eldest of five children, and had at the early age of seventeen the good fortune to captivate the affections of the young Duke of Gordon. She soon made his Grace happy by her hand. They were married in 1767 ; and the accomplishment of dancing, for which the young lady was distinguished, when she became a Duchess, received universal homage. Having heard the celebrated

brated Neile Gow at Athol Castle, she patronized that extraordinary genius—invited him to Edinburgh, and had the influence, in a short time, to supersede French dancing in the Caledonian Metropolis, and to introduce in its stead, the equally graceful and more national strathspey. Not content with this innovation, she determined that it should be felt through all the world of fashion. In London it has gradually succeeded the former stile, and the Duchess of Gordon is universally regarded as another Napoleon in the World of Ton. The life and soul of every party, *ennui* and gaming fly her presence, and she is hailed as the restorer of hilarity and the great destroyer of stateliness.

Her Grace, like the late Duchess of Devonshire, has been always distinguished for the ardor of her political partialities. While the latter attached herself to Mr. Fox, canvassed for him, and was his most devoted admirer and partizan, the Duchess of Gordon was equally warm in the cause and character of Mr. Pitt. At the question of Regency in 89, when the king's Summer Friends deserted the ministry, her Grace exerted all her influence, and a talent of sarcasm the most cutting and severe, against the opposition. Those who know the influence of females in the higher ranks of life, may easily estimate the effect of such wit and abilities as those of the Duchess of Gordon. When the French revolution had taken a decided character, and democracy was openly avowed and acted upon, her Grace joined the party of Mr. Burke. Strenuous and eloquent, she gave a tone as marked to the language of fashionable life, as our admirable countryman did to that of a moiety of English politicians. A peer of considerable talents, but to whom nature had been sparing in exterior, was declaiming one day in her Grace's company with great earnestness upon the anti-titular philosophism, so fashionable at the beginning of the revolution. "How ungrateful!" cried her Grace at last, "your Lordship must be! is it not to your title only you owe your rich wife?"

In private life the Duchess of Gordon has proved herself the best of mothers. Four of her five daughters are married into the first families in England—the fifth to a wealthy and respectable baronet:

LADY CHARLOTTE,	to the DUKE of RICHMOND
LADY SUSAN,	to the DUKE of MANCHESTER
LADY GORGIANA,	to the DUKE of BEDFORD
LADY LOUISA,	to the MARQUIS CORNWALLIS
LADY MADALINA,	to SIR R. SINCLAIR, and now to
	C. PALMER, Esq.

Perhaps the British peerage will not display another instance of such splendid alliances in a single family. The Duchess has also witnessed a circumstance in her family which has never occurred to any other in England. She has had two sons-in-law successively Lord Lieutenants in Ireland. The Duke of Manchester is governor of Jamaica. His lady, however, remains in England.

The Duchess of Gordon's only son is the celebrated Marquis of Huntly, brave and active, of great acumen and good sense, his Lordship is a genuine Scot, possessing all the cleverness and commendable nationality of his country. He has distinguished himself abroad,—but we shall reserve his memoirs for another opportunity. He has lately obtained a Barony and a seat in the Upper House.

The Duchess of Gordon's arrival in Ireland may be considered as an æra in the fashionable world. It has given a stimulus to amusements of all kinds. Whatever be the feelings of the great mass of the middle and lower orders of society, and the sentiments of a great majority of those above them about politics, every one acknowledges the social virtues of the Richmond family and its connections, and are sorry, not for the change, which it is probable, will speedily remove the minister, but for the necessity, however desirable it may be, which deprives them of the man.

But



But to return to the Duchess of Gordon. Her Grace, we said, is a woman of considerable humour. An anecdote occurs which we shall mention. At an amusement one evening in which the gentlemen were to choose different trades, the Marquis of Huntley said he should be a *maker of ladies' garters*. "Ah! George, cried his mother, I fear you would be soon *above* your trade!" Her Grace probably recollected the motto of a puritan lady fond of exhibiting texts of scripture on convenient parts of her apparel, on lockets, rings, &c. On her garters the "sweet enthusiast" had inscribed "*Set your thoughts on things above*."

All this time we have said nothing of the Duke of Gordon because—we have nothing to say. Like Mr. Dawson, "thus infinite with finite we compare," his Grace allows all the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious" ton to his better half. In this, at least, he proves his sense. He has also built a magnificent house, and is said even still to be a man of gallantry. Neither upon this subject have we any thing to advance. The Duchess, it is said, will remain in this country till the middle of this month—when her amiable daughter will accompany her to England. We think it also likely that her "amiable" son-in-law (for, as we have heard a very acute member of parliament\* observe in the House of Commons, there was never yet a Lord Lieutenant that was not *amiable*) will also accompany, or speedily follow his family, never to return.

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### *Knights of St. Patrick.*

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A VERY magnificent ball and supper were given by the newly installed knights of St. Patrick at the Rotunda the 7th of January, to the nobility, gentry, and if the common place barbarism be allowed, to "the fashionables" of the province. The

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\* Mr. Martin, of Galway.

rooms were ornamented in a style that confers great credit upon the taste and capabilities of the gentleman to whose management the decorations and design were entrusted; and the supper even surpassed the inflated and foolish descriptions given in the Newspapers. The dancers indeed, with the exception of a few lively girls, were abominable; and the toasts, with the clamorous and vulgar *three times three*, very annoying and burlesque. Thus *The Knights of St. Patrick and prosperity to Ireland*, was given, and received with all that noisy and thoughtless applause which generally distinguishes popular assemblies, and was succeeded, as if in mockery, by the national air of "*Patrick's Day*." As well might one of Bonaparte's revolutionary lords at a "grand ball" in Paris have proposed the health of *Napoleon the great*, and prosperity to freedom and the French republic. Though more immediately apparent, it could not be a more marked and insulting anthesis than that inconsiderately expressed by the Duke of Richmond, and reiterated by the spruce gentlemen, and half naked misses and matrons in the banquetting hall of the Rotunda. Who are those same "Knights of St. Patrick" and why was this *honor*, as it is ironically called, conferred upon them? These knights are

THE MARQUIS OF ELY,  
 THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD,  
 THE MARQUIS OF HEDFORD.  
 THE EARL OF SHANNON,  
 THE EARL OF RODEN,  
 THE EARL OF CUNNINGHAM,  
 EARL O'NEIL.

None of these men, lords although they be, have more talent than a simple commoner. Nay we question, whether, if they were born to the plough's tail, or to the musquet of a Militiaman, they would, by their own merits, become under stewards to the estates they now possess, or drill serjeants to the regiments they command. It is not, therefore, for their talents merely they are thus preferred. Perhaps then it is for some qualities of the heart,

heart, or for some fascination of manner, for that dignified complaisance and that polished propriety of demeanor which, we are told, distinguishes high birth and breeding, and great riches and title. But the Marquis of Ely is laughing at us already. Polished propriety indeed—we beg his lordship's pardon, and assure him that when we speak of the elegant or amiable, we had no intention to wound his feelings; because, wrapt up as he is in virtue and integrity, are we convinced that his heart is satire proof. But that gay seducer, the youthful Lothario, that delight of all frail wives, and terror of all fond husbands, the Marquis of Hedford; he surely possesses that amenity of mein, those insinuating softnesses, those seductive charms, which, while they win the female may heart, open the road to courtly honors and rewards. He surely must owe the star of St. Patrick to that address and elegant suppleness of deportment, so successful in the courts of kings and in the closets of courtizans. Yet were we forced to speak our mind—we suspect that it is not altogether to the qualifications which won the amorous heart of the parson's wife, or to that temper which gloried in the name of adulterer, that we are to attribute his success at court. The King is one of the best family men in England, and the Queen a pattern of mothers; we are therefore half persuaded that the Marquis never assigned his pretensions; nor did he, we conjecture, mention the affair of Mrs. Massy for the purpose of softening his Majesty's heart. We must then look to some other cause for his having obtained this national distinction. As to the Marquis of Waterford, we only know that he is a Beresford—and that the singular chances he experienced in the matrimonial line, could not, as far as we can perceive, entitle him to the order. To his country, he has not, as far as we can learn, done any essential services, or indeed any services whatever—we must therefore trace his late dignity to some other cause.

The Earl of Shannon has but recently come to his father's titles and acres, of course, the distinction must be attributed to his father's services. These we shall examine in due time.

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The Earl of Roden commanded the Fox-hunters in the rebellion. There is unquestionably some claim for real and efficient services in this case—but we are apprehensive that the renown which this regiment acquired in hunting the half-armed peasants and in burning their cottages, was not one of the grounds which my Lord Roden presented as entitling him to the Order of St. Patrick. We suspect that his conduct in the senate was even more applauded than his valour in the field; and that to the former he is more indebted for the distinction than to the latter.

The Earl of Cunningham is a good natured and inoffensive man, whom no one ever suspected of genius, and whose patriotism is yet to be discovered.

Lord O'Neil is one of our best agriculturists. He never did harm to human being, nor we believe a great deal of good. There are indeed some negative qualities in this nobleman worthy imitation. He remains upon his estate, and spends more money in Ireland than three fourths of the other knights. We are afraid, however, if he marries into a certain great family, Shane's Castle will become "a splendid desert." By the way we deprecate these unions. Our Aristocracy is too much English already. The residence of our nobility and gentry in England, and the connections they form there, have alienated them from their own country. A Spanish or Portuguese nobleman is Spanish and Portuguese to the core—an Irish peer, generally speaking, (for there are honourable exceptions) is a sort of mongrel, a political *amphibion*, whom, although his birth and grandam be ascertained, it is difficult to assign to any particular element. Born in Ireland, he has all the nationality of an Englishman, and will talk of a vulgar Irish bog, from which perhaps he derives his title, and a village of *brogue-neers*, where he drew his first breath, with all the shallow ignorance of the veriest *Fuller* in the house of commons. The consequences are too melancholy and notorious to require particular designation. The Irish peerage, instead of being "the Corinthian

Corinthian order of the 'State,' forms a distinct and anomalous species in human polity—although found in the vocabulary and red book—though distinguished by stars and ribbons, by pensions and places, the nobility still defy the classifying talent of the most accurate political Linnæus among us—But to return to the Knights of St. Patrick.

We began this essay by inquiring into the pretensions of the knights lately installed to the highest national honors that can be conferred by royalty on Irishmen. We were not, after a character of each, able to discover a single circumstance that could warrant so singular a mark of kingly favour. But the enigma is resolved—the difficulty vanishes, when we recollect that the *noblemen* in question, or *their fathers were unionists*. This is part of the reward they have received for *aiding and abetting* Clare, Cornwallis, and Castlereagh in accomplishing that measure. Glorious privilege! honourable distinction! Be it so;—but for heaven's sake, let us no longer turn the French Legion of Honor into so much ridicule;—let us no longer laugh with such self-satisfied superiority at the counts and barons of Napoleon's creation; at the cordons, and crosses, and stars which he distributes amongst his judges, senators and generals. These are slaves unquestionably, the verriest and the vilest slaves—men who have sold their country to a foreigner—who glory in their chains, and who exhibit the badges of their bondage to the indignant view of every genuine Frenchman. But we shall not abuse them, lest we should be supposed to reflect upon any other order of noblemen.

One of the most prominent figures in the ball-room was the merry old duchess of Gordon. Bless her heart, how gay and giddy she was! how full of familiarity and fun; what shaking of hands, and peals of laughter! Say what you please, reader, about high life and polished manners—about elegant condescensions and easy dignity—the duchess of Gordon is still the woman. Some starched and prudish mother, or some stiff  
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and ancient stick of nobility may shrug her shoulders, or shake her head ; but let her not presume to speak, until she has got three dukes for three daughters, and a marquis for a fourth. This duchess is indeed an admirable woman ; a demonstration how often great cleverness is united to apparent levity, and how compatible deep sagacity is with the rattle of high spirits and the racketting of fashionable life.\*

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## ALPHONSO : OR, THE NATURAL SON.

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*From the French of Madame de Genlis.*

(NEVER BEFORE TRANSLATED.)

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### CHAPTER I.

THE most elegant society of the town of Besancon was one evening assembled at the house of the Marchioness of \* \* \*, a rich dowager of forty, and one of the most considerable persons in Franche Comte. Her house was magnificent and delightfully situated. Her only daughter, who was about twenty, had been educated at Paris, and had recently quitted the convent of Panthemont. Every second year the Marchioness visited Paris, and returned with a variety of information, such as always excites

\* In our next we shall sketch the principal characters of the ball : viz ; The duchess of Richmond, Lady Mary Lenox, Lady Cahier, &c. &c. The Duke, W. Pole, the Stanhopes, &c. The Lord Mayor in his red robes, Sir James Riddal and his lady, Sir Edward Stanley in his black gown, Sir Charles Vernon, that distinguished general Sir Charles Asgil, Mrs. Dawson in her white muff, Lady C——m's and her beautiful neck and shoulders, Miss B—— and her naked bosom, our friend Anacreon Moore ; with many more, whose names we cannot now particularly specify. We also hope that the forth-coming masquerade of Lady Stamer's will afford "the fashionable world" some pleasure. At all events, we are determined that it shall give our readers no inconsiderable amusement.

cites universal admiration in the country,—the latest fashions, anecdotes of the court and city, new phrases, and modes of expression: these were soon adopted by all the polite societies of the neighbourhood, and continued fashionable until another journey supplied fresh materials. As the Marchioness was extremely vain of her birth, her fortune, her daughter, her visits to the capital, and was besides naturally envious and malignant; she was not beloved by any one. She was the model of fashion for the whole neighbourhood, and many women infinitely more amiable than herself, spoiled their own, by endeavouring to imitate the freedom of her manner, and the piquant sallies of her conversation. About eight days after her return from Paris, she usually had her first assembly, which was always attended by a numerous circle. Upon this occasion a general discontent prevailed among the ladies, who discovered that they were at least two years behind the modes and fashions of the day. How wretchedly do they believe themselves dressed in comparison with these finished representations of the stish belles of Versailles. How do they admire those beautiful head-dresses, crowned with three waving plumes, which by the slightest motion of the head, brush against the sparkling lustres! How do they envy their long slender waists, their bouquets suspended by a string at each side, and their beautiful robes supported on large hoops, and adorned with flowers. These ornaments appear to be directed by a taste so correct, that they are persuaded fashion has at length become fixed, and human ingenuity can invent nothing more tasteful and elegant. The Marchioness, though she had no pretensions to beauty, thought she possessed an interesting figure. This is the usual illusion of coquets, who with black eyes, coarse features, and affected wit, have out-grown their beauty. On this evening the Marchioness shone unrivalled, and all the party were occupied in admiring, listening to, and attentively observing her; for every one was by far too provincial to presume to contend with her for superior attraction. Aurora, her daughter, was very thin, and of a pale sallow complexion: her indolence and apathy concealed in some measure her natural insolence, while her proud disdain and want of politeness, had the appearance of absence

absence of mind and insensibility. She never forgot she had the honor of being educated in the most celebrated convent of Paris, where none were admitted but the daughters of families of the first rank at court: the constant recollection of this inspired her with the utmost contempt for all the young ladies by whom she was then surrounded, and who had been brought up in the provincial convent of the Ursulines!

Music and dancing were introduced; for the Marchioness was anxious that her daughter should distinguish herself, since, she was a pupil of Balbatre\* and Vestris. Notwithstanding the celebrity of her master, Aurora did not excel at the harpsichord; she played without taste or judgment, and to the great satisfaction of the company she was totally eclipsed by a modest, diffident young pupil of the provincial organist. This was a triumph for the ladies of the place, who concluded of course, that the organist of Besancon must be superior to those of Paris. But in dancing Aurora had complete revenge; but secret vexation gave her more animation than she naturally exhibited, and resuming an air of superiority, she intimidated all the other dancers. But how great was the general confusion when the musicians (instructed by Aurora the evening before) began to play a dance unknown to the whole party! They all stood still except Aurora, who, springing forward, was followed by her partner, unconscious what to do. Aurora stops—looks around her with surprise;—the dancers are all obliged to acknowledge their ignorance both of the figure and air of the dance, when the Marchioness exulting exclaims that nothing else had been danced at Paris for at least six months!

What consternation, what confusion did this terrible sentence produce! a smile of pity interchanged between the Marchioness and her daughter, completed their humiliation. The guests were however so anxious to be acquainted with this fashionable dance, that they earnestly entreated Aurora to instruct them in the figure  
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\* A celebrated organist of that period.



but she gravely replied it was too difficult, and proposed two or three others, with which they were equally unacquainted. She affected to be quite out of heart since it was necessary for her to condescend to dance the *Madelon Friquet*, the *Visites*, *Petits Panniers*, &c. Unwilling to exert herself, or to display all her powers in such gothic country dances, Aurora walked the figure with a most careless and haughty countenance. But notwithstanding her affected negligence, she still preserved, in her air of superiority and loftiness, an easiness of manner which appeared to be inimitable; and occasionally introduced some new steps, the elegance of which they could not, in spite of themselves, but secretly admire. The other young ladies danced with such little hope of success, were so ashamed of knowing only the dances that were forgotten at Paris, and were so much afraid of the critical glance and ridicule of Aurora and the Marchioness, that it was impossible to make up another country dance. The ball of course concluded, and the parties were arranged for play. The Marchioness did not join them; she remained at the fire side with some other ladies. A particular disappointment had preyed upon her mind—some one was wanting to the party:—It was Count Melvil. He had been invited, but was absent.

Melvil was at this period about thirty-four, of an agreeable figure, an excellent character, and the richest man in the province. After having passed the earlier part of his youth at Paris, in a course of dissipation which had materially injured his health, he at once became disgusted with the world and its busy scenes of pleasure. The inheritance of a beautiful domain in Franche Comte, and the advice of his physicians, who recommended quiet and country air, determined him to quit Paris and retire to his estate. In society, his manners were fascinating and his departure, or rather his flight, when announced without a probability of his return, produced a lively sensation among his friends. The ladies attributed it to an unfortunate passion, the men to disappointed ambition, and some considered it as a sacrifice to philosophy. But the truth is, Melvil was jaded and harassed, his mind and body required tranquillity, repose, and asses' milk. These inducements

inducements were certainly not without reason, but the generality of the world, who form so many false conjectures, because they will not credit what is simple, and never aid conversation, cudgell their brains to discover why Melvil should prefer his Chateau to his elegant mansion at Paris; each, according to his own particular ideas, mentions some reason or other. After being the subject of much conversation, and of much invention for several days, Melvil was quite forgot. He recovered his health in the country, and with a prospect of happiness he had never before conceived. He had been eighteen months in the country, when the Marchioness set off for Paris, where she remained eight months. The Marchioness neglected nothing that might attract him to her family. Melvil had always received her advances with that amiable politeness, which is easily mistaken for friendship. The heart is sometimes deceived by it—vanity is always its dupe. The Marchioness, believing that Melvil's affections were disengaged, entertained the idea of effecting his marriage with her daughter. It was the best match for her in the whole province. She spoke to him of Aurora, of her education, talents, and fortune. Melvil listened to her with an appearance of interest, which is nothing more than what politeness requires, when the confidence of a mother is received upon such a subject. The Marchioness no longer doubted, that Melvil entered into her views, and from that instant hope became certainty. She hastened to her daughter, but business detained her in Paris eight months. She wrote frequently to Melvil, and his replies of courtesy satisfied her that he entertained similar feelings; yet the little eagerness he discovered gave her some uneasiness.

As we said before, she did not sit down to play, several persons remained in conversation with her: among others, was the Lady of the President of \* \* \* who, after the Marchioness, was the most wealthy, and of the most considerable rank in the place. As these two ladies had been rivals from their youth, they hated each other at heart, but in order to enjoy the "agreements" of each others houses, they had always in appearance been friendly. They visited, behaved to each other with politeness,  
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and conversed in a tone of the most intimate familiarity : while a concealed malice, a poignant irony and a malignant spirit, were interwoven with their conversations, however short. Neither party ever openly expressed the least displeasure, both having determined not to come to a rupture ; but they contented themselves with traducing and ridiculing each other on every occasion. It was conjectured upon one occasion, that the two rivals were approaching towards a perfect reconciliation. The president had an only son, and his mother ardently wished him to receive the hand of Aurora. The Marchioness did not reject her indirect proposal, but the arrival of Melvil suddenly changed her resolution and determined all her future projects. Her new scheme was obvious to every body, and it was even believed that the affair was concluded : she was even indiscreet enough to mention it publicly, which greatly incensed the President's Lady, whose hatred now became irreconcilable. Burning for revenge, she excused herself from the card party in order to seize the opportunity of tormenting and humbling the Marchioness. After a few minutes conversation, ' Well,' said she, " I suppose you have not forgot to invite Count Melvil ! " " He is not in the neighbourhood," replied the Marchioness. " Not in the neighbourhood," said she with a sneer ! " I see you know nothing of the matter : but as you bring us all the news of the court, it is but right that we should inform you of what passes in the country. It will not, however, create in you an interest equal to that which is inspired by your own narrations ; but I will acquit myself to the best of my abilities." Such a beginning quite discomposed the Marchioness. Every one conjectured what was coming, and as they all hated as much as they envied her, each secretly determined to assist the charitable intentions of the President's Lady, " You must know," continued she, drawing her chair a little nearer, " that the wise Philosopher Melvil is passionately in love." " In love !" exclaimed the Marchioness with an affected smile, " and with whom, pray ?"—" Why, with the young Creolian who has resided these two years in the neighbourhood." " The niece of that illiterate clown, who lives in a small house at the distance of about six leagues ? " " Precisely."

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"And so Melvil has taken a fancy for that girl,"—"Oh no; not merely a fancy, a violent affection;—and she is truly a very interesting figure."—"Many who have seen her tell me she is tolerably pretty, but divested of every other attraction."—"Perhaps they had some secret jealousy." Here several of the company exclaimed that Melania was inexpressibly beautiful.—"Well I grant it," said the Marchioness, a little out of temper, "and how old is she?"—"About twenty-one."—"What! without talents, education, or knowledge of the world—It is impossible Melvil can be in love with such a person?—Heavens! some women of talents may be very disagreeable, and others very charming, without obtaining such brilliant advantages."—"But so it is, Melvil's head is turned, and every one is persuaded that he will marry her."—"What an idea!—How?—Without a name!"—"Oh he will present her with his."—"Without fortune!"—"He has sufficient for both!"—"An adventurer too, for no one knows whence she comes."—"Pardon me, she comes from St. Domingo."—"Of mysterious and of course suspicious birth."—"What is so charming as mystery, it awakens curiosity, and affords room for the most marvellous conjectures. The uncle was unsociable and the niece timid. Melvil was anxious to see and know them: he has found means to penetrate into their retirement."—"If I recollect rightly, it is said, there is in the family a youth—a natural son."—"Yes, a natural son of the uncle."—"And this child always resides with his father and cousin?—Very decent truly!"—"Pray what kind of youth is he?"—"He is very handsome."—"And Melvil not jealous of him?"—"Not at all."—"Alphonso is not yet fifteen.—So you will agree that hitherto this intimacy has been irreproachable."—"It will not be long so!"—"Well! Melvil will certainly marry her very soon."—"This conversation agitated the Marchioness with the most violent indignation and resentment: we shall see the effect of it.

## CHAPTER II.

Melania, the cause of so much envy and chagrin, lived peaceably in profound solitude, although in the neighbourhood of a large city. Dormeuil her uncle, ruined by misfortunes, to which his own conduct had not contributed, had left his native country St. Domingo, more than fourteen years. He had passed ten of these in the southern provinces of France, and had at last taken up his residence in Franche Comte, where he lived happily in a small neat cottage with his niece and young Alphonso. In the person of Melania the most perfect and enchanting beauty was united with Creolian grace, in a most elegant and slender form : bashful and pensive, she appeared on the first acquaintance to be timid and unhappy, which, notwithstanding her youth and gentleness, inspired reserve ; but the charm of her innocent simplicity or *naïveté* caught the affections of all who knew her. Melania relieved, as far as she was able, the cares of her uncle in the education of Alphonso ; and entertained a most tender attachment for the youth, who, full of spirit and vivacity, naturally impatient, and lofty, occasioned an uneasiness to Dormeuil, by the impetuosity of his character : in this uneasiness Melania did not participate ; for women rely too much upon their influence, and upon the tenderness shewn them. They are always prepared to anticipate the reformation of those they love, and though it does not immediately happen, they expect it with undiminishing confidence. Strong attachments may easily produce noble actions ; but they do not alter the natural character : reason alone determines the general behaviour.

The violent passions of youth are only corrected by time and experience. Alphonso loved Melania to adoration. Without inquiring the cause of this sentiment, without even giving it a name, he delivered himself up to its influence with all the vehemence of a mind at once ardent and pure. Melania in this affection saw nothing more than a habit contracted in childhood and strengthened by gratitude : a word from her was always sufficient to calm Alphonso, to secure his attention, or even the sacri-

fice of an unreasonable wish : she never failed to possess this momentary influence over him ; but Alphonso, anxious to please her, yielded without steadiness or reflection, and again relapsed into his former errors. Melvil, whose Chateau was a league from Dormeuil's cottage, was at first desirous to become acquainted with him from motives of curiosity only. Persons who withdraw themselves from society, create a sort of lively interest, especially when the world is unacquainted with their history, and nothing certain is known respecting them : we are then at liberty to indulge in romantic speculations, and the hope of being admitted into the secret of their solitude, presents the idea of a sort of triumph, which is flattering to self-love. Melvil, having in the course of his rambles frequently met the black servant of Dormeuil, and Melania's maid, the faithful Zama, who had been attached to her service from infancy, learned from them that young Alphonso was fond of hunting, and therefore invited him to hunt upon his estate. Alphonso did not fail to take advantage of this kindness and his gratitude at length occasioned the introduction of Melvil into the house of Dormeuil. Melvil saw Melania, and became violently in love with her, but disheartened by her indifference and reserve, he had not the courage to declare his attachment. When the Marchioness returned from Paris, affairs were thus situated, though it was generally believed they were more advanced ; for it was not even conjectured that the richest man in the province, of so much real merit, and so accomplished, in the prime of life too, could possibly be refused by a girl without any fortune at all ; but in love the only thing which can inspire confidence is the hope of being beloved, and Melvil did not entertain this hope. Melania did not appear even to suspect his sentiments ; she received his attentions with politeness, but with a most discouraging simplicity, as if she had been quite ignorant of the name of love, and even of its existence, yet every emotion discovered great sensibility, a strong attachment to her uncle, a regard for Alphonso, and exquisite feeling for the misfortune of others. Melvil found something mysterious and inexplicable in her character, and in the habitual pensiveness of her manner, which he wished to fathom, before he ventured to make his declaration.

*(To be continued.)*

VERSES.

## VERSES.

—000—

THE following verses have been transmitted to us enveloped in a very modest note. That they have faults is apparent on a very summary inspection; but that they also possess some merit, we think will be equally manifest on perusal. Our correspondent commands a facility of versification which leads him into errors—he has much to erase, but there will still remain some sterling ore behind. Yet it is not altogether to the *merit* of the following stanzas that we yield a place—it is rather to the *promise* which they hold forth of future excellence. Let him avoid imitation—"The blossom of war" bears infinitely too close a resemblance to Campbell's beautiful ballad—the sentiments and scenery are as similar as the measure and stanza. The ode from Ossian is full of faults, with some striking and energetic lines. When new-modelled and corrected, perhaps we may give it insertion. The compliments to Mr. Moore are too high-flown, although common-place. We shall give them, however, after inserting the author's note; which, we trust, will be received by the public, as it has been by the conductors of the Panorama, as an apology for the defects of the following stanzas.

"Indeed, Monsieur Panorama, I'll not be dissatisfied with you in the least, if I don't have the pleasure of seeing my 'scraps of jingling' in your repository of beauties: as I solely trouble you with them for insertion on the following conditions; first, that you consider them worthy a place in the Panorama; secondly, that they shant exclude the appearance of better things; and thirdly, that their *moral tendency* may be such, as shall not disgrace the pure pages of the Panorama, or bring a blush to the youthful rhymers at a mature age, or any immoral or licentious expression, which is so apt to flow from the tongue and pen of unthinking youth. The author, who is a *very young* rhymers, shall make it his study to merit a place in your pages.

"What you reject I shall resign for ever. What you insert I shall be certain of being at least innocent."

## ANACREON &amp; MR. MOORE.

ANACREON.

Take, my son, these blooming bays,  
 Meed of thy celestial lays;—  
 Take, O! take them from my hand,  
 Sweetest bard of Erin's land  
 To thee, with transport, I resign  
 That rosy crown which once was mine.  
 Wrapt in joy, I see thee rise,  
 Quit the Earth, and gain the skies!  
 String to Love the living lyre,  
 Waking every fond desire.  
 Sweetest child of Love and song,  
 Pour thy dulcet strains along:  
 Warm the virgin's tender breast;  
 Sooth the soldier's soul to rest,  
 Rouse him at the call of honour!  
 Make him fly to Freedom's banner!  
 Many have usurpt my name  
 But to blazon forth their shame;  
 But to thee, sweet youth, belong  
 Anacreon's lyre—Anacreon's song!—

MOORE.

Father, cease thy gen'rous praise  
 Of my light fantastic lays.  
 If in them there may be found  
 Hand in hand, both sense and sound:  
 If, thro' melting mazes stealing,  
 Thrilling on the nerves of feeling:  
 To the lover's bosom sighing  
 Bliss with thy Elysium vying;  
 My Iernian lyre should prove  
 Of magic might to kindle love;  
 To thee, at least, be half the merit,  
 As 'tis thy muse I now inherit.

ANACREON.



ANACREON.

Cease, my son!—no bard can claim  
 A portion in thy well-bought fame.  
 Cherish long thy heav'nly fire,  
 Raise the song, and strike the lyre.  
 Let no giddy factious rage  
 Ever stain thy lovely page.  
 Britain shall, with envy, see  
 Erin's genius prov'd in thee.  
 Long shall thy sweet numbers charm;  
 Long thy dulcet strains shall warm  
 To fond desire the virgin's breast,  
 And soothe the tortur'd soul to rest.

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LEANDER.

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## THE BLOSSOM OF WAR.

(*Air, The Wounded Hussar.*)

—0000—

" O! where dost thou wander my dearest Hedallan?  
 " Or why hast thou tarried so long at the chase?  
 " Or art thou, in beauty and youth, early fallen?  
 " O! when shall I see my bold warrior's face?  
 Thus sigh'd sad Bosmina, as down thro' the willows  
 The moon shed a beam from her slow-sinking car;  
 While her fast-falling tears swell'd the soft gliding billows,  
 On the wild banks she waited the ' Blossom of War.'

## II.

A heart-rending sigh, by sad echo repeated,  
 Borne down by the breeze, shook her soul with affright,  
 She look'd—O! what anguish her prospect awaited,  
 All-bleeding, her hero attracted her sight!

Cold,

Cold, cold was his face, on his target reclin'd,  
 The groans of his bosom re-echo'd afar;  
 As borne along by the soft-sighing wind,  
 The willows lamented the ' Blossom of War.'

## III.

Astonish'd, she stood for some time without motion,  
 Then pierc'd with a shriek the dead stillness of night;  
 " O! hast thou engag'd the fell sons of the ocean,  
 " And fallen, oppress'd by their numbers, in fight?  
 " Oh! didst thou not promise with speed to return?  
 " Nor leave me to sigh for your absence afar?—  
 " Now, now I am sentenc'd for ever to mourn,  
 " And weep for the fate of my ' Blossom of War.'

## IV.

Then, raising his eyes that were closing for ever,  
 And casting a soul-speaking look on his fair,  
 He strove to arise, but, alas! he could—never!  
 While thus he address'd the sad child of despair:  
 " Cold death, my Bosmina, has seiz'd thy sad lover,  
 " I fall by the sons of the strangers from far:—  
 " Adieu, my sweet maid!—now death's conflict is over."  
 He sunk to repose,—the sweet ' Blossom of War.

## V.

She paus'd for awhile—then suddenly started,  
 His cold blooded bosom she veil'd, with her own.—  
 " My Hidallan!—she cried, O! cruel, hard-hearted!  
 " To think I'd remain when my hero was flown."  
 Then, seizing his sword, in her bosom she sheath'd  
 The blade, stain'd with blood of the foe from afar;  
 On her lover's cold breast her fond spirit she breath'd,  
 And join'd in the clouds her sweet ' Blossom of War.'

LEANDER.

## THE STAGE.

—0000—

*The following rational and well written observations on the Stage, were received too late for insertion last month. May we solicit other communications from the same judicious pen?*

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The real happiness and honour of every country depends upon the public estimation of religion, and as the morals are more or less raised, and the relative duties of life performed, the people will be found more or less happy. This state of morality is influenced in various ways, but is more immediately effected by the press, by the exertions of the clergy, and by those who act in civil capacities. Another course may also be pointed out, as giving a propensity to public opinion. This is the Stage, which has not the less weight, because its main object is pleasure, and because the success of its representations too frequently arise from the gratification of those passions, which have their origin in criminal feelings.

Many productions of the present day are not only sent forth without any moral purpose, but are even pregnant with principles professedly inimical to the interests of religion. Now if it be the first duty of an author to diffuse instruction and advance virtue, it cannot be too deeply lamented, that the sympathy and approbation of mankind should ever be excited under circumstances so prejudicial in themselves and so fatal in their effects. It is allowed that in the students of the university who rushed from the theatre to the highway, the actual existence or a strong disposition to such pursuits must previously have taken place; it is also granted that no man acquires his plans of life or rules for the regulation of his conduct from the stage: yet as the majority of mankind are either too idle, too busy, or too ignorant to think for themselves, and therefore adopt the opinion of others, it is essential that what is intended

to meet the public view, should be correct in its means and moral in its design."

Fallacies may be detected and arguments answered, and the world has hitherto possessed good sense to judge and virtue enough to repel with indignation every attempt, however specious, directed against their welfare: but when commiseration is roused in favor of guilt, when depravity is exhibited in an amiable light, and the subjects man has been taught from his infancy to venerate, are treated with levity, respect begins to cool and judgment to falter, and he who was strong enough to resist the allurements of vice, might now be found weak enough to obey the dictates of feeling. By such delusions the strong holds of virtue are undermined, and that tendency to evil implanted in our nature is gradually strengthened, till the citadel, weakened by repeated attacks, is abandoned to the triumph of the enemy.

Far different are the legitimate objects of the Drama: they are commendable in themselves and beneficial in their consequences. And if Comedy obtains success from the splendor of its scenes or the excellence of its actors, if it degenerates into personal abuse or derives support from the temper of the times, it betrays in the public a vitiated taste and deficiency of talent. To teach man to endure with cheerfulness occasional vexations, to shew him the value of the endearments of social life, should be its prominent aim, and by the exhibition of ridiculous and contemptible characters to chastise negligence and correct deformity.

The delight mankind experience in fictitious scenes of woe arises from natural and obvious causes, and calls forth the noblest feelings of the heart. For whatever withdraws us from sensual gratification, whatever contributes to repress the selfish principles of our nature, and induces us to take an interest in the fate and happiness of others, elevates the dignity of our character, and makes us wiser and better. He therefore who rises un-  
moved

mitted and uninstructed from a well written and well acted tragedy, must be framed of materials of no ordinary cash and will pass through life unenvied for the qualities of his head or heart. The tragic muse rouses every exalted sentiment, and by pity and fear refines the base passions of our nature, and in spite of our inward depravity compels us to love and worship virtue.

To preserve this amusement, the highest of all intellectual pleasures, in its purity, to subdue the melancholy and alarming abuses with which it is surrounded, should be the endeavour of every friend to the interests of society, because it is a recreation in itself, useful, innocent, and instructive.

PEREGRINUS.

## CITY FASHIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

—0000—

SIR,—As a fashionable Magazine, and one which is read in my family, I have to state a grievance, to which you could apply an immediate remedy. There are a kind of people who are insensible to all domestic reproofs, and there is scarcely a family which consists chiefly of mother and daughters, in which there is not a secret rebellion against the authority of the husband and father. The laws of the country, by an imperfect kind of provision, have constituted a kind of sovereignty in a household; and acting up to this notion, have denominated certain flagrant acts, acts of petty treason. Now, Sir, I would wish to ask why the law stopped here? why did it not extend the action as far as the analogy of the case? If certain flagrant acts are treason, why are not certain minor faults rendered a domestic sedition? Why is not the authority of the father supported by the sanction of the state? why may not the *potestas maritalis* be called in to reduce

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a disobedient wife, or the Riot Act be read to an obstreperous household ?

I am in one of those stations of life which wealth only elevates above the common tradesmen ; in plain words, for I am not ashamed of it, though my wife and daughters are, I have lived in Bride-Street for these five-and-thirty years ; and in the course of that time, by the most anxious industry and vigilant attention to my business, I have accumulated a capital which has enabled me, without self-reproach or extravagance, to have my country house at Sallins, and to make the Sunday and Monday of every week two holidays for the enjoyment of country retirement in this rural villa. My wife and my daughters have strove hard to make me set up a coach, and have dexterously endeavoured to persuade me that I should save money by so doing. To this, however, I have always returned a decided negative.

But my present cause of complaint is, that every year as I grow richer, my wife and daughters seem resolved that I shall become poorer ; and accordingly every year brings on their side some new folly. This last folly,—but I will relate it in detail, that you may form some judgment of the difficulties of my situation.

You must know then, Sir, that on Monday last, as I was seated at my breakfast-table in my Villa, the fire blazing brightly, the kettle boiling, the rolls smoking, and every thing as comfortable as could be, my youngest daughter was desired by my wife to read out the Paper, a task which she began with an air that discovered to me they had some secret purpose. The girl at length reached the fashionable column of this gossiping journal, and after settling herself with an air of great satisfaction, read out as follows :

“ *Bath, Dec. 15.* This delightful place is filling fast. All the beauty and fashion of the metropolis are daily exhibited in our streets, and nightly exhibited in our rooms.” “ Mamma,” added

added the girl, laying down the paper, "I wish you could persuade Papa to let us go to Bath. There are the Miss Blueballs, and the Miss Rachells, who have been there this fortnight, though Mr. Blueball and Rachael cannot afford it one-tenth so well as we can. Indeed, Papa, you should let us go to Bath. It is time we should see some life. You have heard what the Paper says."

"Read what the paper says again, my dear," said I.

"I will so, Sir,"—"This place is filling fast. All the beauty and fashion of London and many similar from Dublin are already here."

"Very well, my dear, and pray which part of this designation do you and sisters and your mother appropriate?"

Now, Sir, the girls you must know are really handsome, and if their good features were not spoilt by their affected demeanour, they might have married into the richest houses of the city; but they have hitherto rejected all the offers which they have received from their own condition; and I am happy to say, that I have hitherto prevented them from receiving any offers from those above them.

This query of mine immediately put fire, as it were, to the train of ill-humour which had been laid in preparation, and my family on a sudden burst forth into a general pouting. "No one treated their family as I did mine. Where was the use in having so much money, if it were not to be applied to use and enjoyment. Did any one else of my fortune live in the huggarmuggar way that I did." In short, to say all in a few words, I was fairly scolded into compliance; and yesterday evening, with the exception of myself, the elegant family of the Beaslies took their passage in the packet for Bath, where they intend to pass the season.

Behold

Behold me, Sir, thus deserted, and deprived of the Sunday and Monday comfort of my villa. They have taken all the servants with them, with the single exception of a dirty girl, who is left to take care of me. And she does take that care of me which I had reason to expect. When I rise in the morning; though it should be ten or eleven o'clock (for on these holidays I indulge), I find every thing as I left it the preceeding evening. I am fairly compelled to go to a tavern for my breakfast. And as to dinner, a scavenger could not eat a beef-steak dressed by this worse than scavenger. Sir, this may seem a pitiful complaint, but I can assure you that all my comfort is gone till the return of my family.

Have the goodness, Sir, to print this letter verbatim as you receive it, that my family may see themselves, and if possible be restored to their senses by the exhibition. Remind them, Sir, that nothing is so ungenerous as that absolute selfishness which forgets the comfort of a father or a husband, whilst the thoughtless wives and daughters are losing their senses in a whirl of dissipation; and remind them, Sir, that what has been got by small savings, may be shortly consumed by large spendings; that thrifts in trade can only collect by handfuls, whilst senseless dissipation scatters by lapfuls. Insert this letter, and you will oblige.

Your humble and obedient servant,

ISAAC BEASLY.

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## HISTORY OF DON LEWIS DE BARBARAN.

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DON LEWIS DE BARBARAN was born at Cagliari, capital of the isle of Sardigne, of one of the most illustrious and richest families of that country.

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He was brought up with one of his cousin-germans ; and the sympathy which was found in their humours and inclinations, was so great, that they were more strictly united by friendship than blood ; they hid no secret from each other. And when the Marquis de Barbaran was married (which was his cousin's name) their friendship continued in the same force.

He married one of the finest women in the world, and the most accomplished ; she was then not above fourteen : she was heiress to a very noble estate and family. The Marquis every day discovered new charms in the wit and person of his wife, which likewise increased every day his passion ; and when any affairs obliged the Marquis to leave her, he conjured his couzin to stay with the Marchioness, thereby to lessen the trouble of his absence. But, alas ! how hard is it when one is, at an age incapable of serious reflections, to see continually so fair a woman, so young and amiable, and see her with indifference ! Don Lewis was already desperately in love with the Marchioness, and thought then it was only for her husband's sake. Whilst he was in this mistake, she fell dangerously sick ; at which he grew so dreadfully melancholy, that he then knew, but late, it was caused by a passion which would prove the greatest misfortune of his whole life. Finding himself in this condition, and having not strength to resist it, he resolved to use the utmost extremity, and to fly and avoid a place where he was in danger of dying with love, or breaking through the bonds of friendship. The most cruel death would have seemed gentler than the execution of this design. When the Marchioness grew better, he went to bid her adieu, and see her no more.

He found her busied in choosing, among several stones of great value, those which were the finest, which she intended to have set in a ring. Don Lewis was scarce entered the chamber, when she desired him, with that air of familiarity usual among relations, to go and fetch her other stones which she moreover had in the cabinet. He ran thither, and by an unexpected good hap, found among what he looked for, the enamelled picture of  
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the Marchioness, small, set with diamonds, and incircled with a lock of her hair; it was so like, that he had not the power to withstand the desire he had of stealing it, "I am going to leave her," said he, "I shall see her no more; I sacrifice all my quiet to her husband. Alas! is not this enough? And may I not without a crime, search in my pain a consolation so innocent as this?" He kissed several times this picture; he put it under his arm, he carefully hid it, and returning towards her with the stones, he trembling told her the resolution he had taken of travelling. She appeared much amazed at it, and changed her colour. He looked on her at this moment: he had the pleasure of perceiving it: and their eyes beaming intelligence, speak more than their words. "Alas! what can oblige you, Don Lewis," said she to him, "to leave us? Your cousin loves you so tenderly; I esteem you; we are never pleased without you; he cannot live from you. Have you not already travelled? You have, without doubt, some other reason for your departure, but at least do not hide it from me." Don Lewis, pierced through with sorrow, could not forbear uttering a deep sigh, and taking one of the delicate hands of the charming person, on which he fixed his lips; "Ah, madam, what do you ask me?" said he to her, "what can I say to you in the condition I am in;" The violence he used to conceal his sentiments, occasioned so great a weakness, that he fell half dead at her feet. She remained troubled and confused at this sight. She obliged him to sit down by her: she dared not lift up her eyes to look on him; but she let him see tears, which she could not forbear shedding, nor resolve to conceal from him,

Scarcely were they come to themselves, when the Marquis entered the chamber. He came to embrace Don Lewis with all the testimonies of a perfect friendship, and he was in the greatest trouble, when he understood he was setting out for Naples. He omitted no arguments to persuade him from it, pressed his stay with the greatest earnestness, but all in vain. He there immediately took his leave of the Marchioness, and saw her no more. The Marquis went out with him; he left him not till the moment

ment of his departure. This was an augmentation of Don Lewis's sorrow ; he would have willingly remained alone to have an entire liberty of afflicting himself.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### PHYSICAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

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I HAVE been frequently puzzled by a circumstance that presents itself to our observation every day, and has led to some reflections, which may enable your fair readers to elucidate a subject, that deserves a better pen than mine to do it justice. I mean the very different effects which the same objects, the same reasoning, and even similar situations produce upon men and women. The physical constitution of the two sexes is probably the principal cause of these differences, which we cannot but observe, as well as of the natural virtues and natural vices, which belong to them respectively.

Woman, whose organization is weaker, and consequently more subtle than man's, should for this very reason be more timid, and more ingenious than him. It is agreed by all naturalists, that timidity is the real daughter of weakness. This is evinced by the behaviour of children. Every metaphysician, who is acquainted with the mutual dependance between the soul and body, will readily acknowledge that the subtlety of the mind is usually a consequence of the delicacy of the organs. In proportion as the nerves, the fibres, the veins, the tendons, the arteries have less capacity, the vital spirits which they contain must necessarily be thinner, lighter, more penetrating, more active, and more easily put into motion. Whence it may  
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be easily concluded, that the subject, which is animated by them, must be more inconstant and volatile at the crises of great passions.

From these first principles, which are founded upon experimental facts, may be deduced, that the differences between the natural spirit of a woman and that of a man principally consist, in women, of address instead of courage, cunning instead of strength, delicacy instead of energy, sallies of pleasantry and epigrammatic turns instead of works and genius. Where man becomes more ferocious, women contents herself with being mischievous : where man would tyrannize by violence, women endeavour to rule by artifice : where man thinks energy requisite, women substitute delicacy : where man surprises by the elevation of his soul, women charm and dazzle by the diversified graces of her wit. The one attacks his adversary sword in hand to overthrow him : the other is mostly studious of drawing him into a snare :—seduction is her object. Hence arises that giddiness of mind, the natural effect of women's instability, which often renders them very amiable, sometimes singular, but very seldom systematical. If it be true that the mind as well as the body hath its peculiar disorders, it must be agreed that man hath constantly a certain bent towards fury, and women a disposition for folly. Wherefore in countries where women obtain more credit, more real or imaginary power, the manners must be more gentle, light, and frivolous. Laws, there, have but moderate force, whilst momentary will must be absolute, and almost irresistible. The public administration will be there more moderate, but more variable ; and perhaps, sometimes, less judicious. Wisdom will there be confounded with misanthropy, and a garland of flowers will be worn in preference to a crown of laurels. These observations will be justified by the most cursory view of the pageantry of states, ancient as well as modern.

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What women, comparative to men, seem too loose with regard to mental power, they may more than regain with respect to vehement affections. Born with passions which render them easily charmed, their imaginations immediately embrace the first object that flatters them. Their desires, more impetuous than the waves of the sea, scarce know any bounds. Sensibility, that happy weakness when properly regulated, seems to be the only motive that powerfully actuates their souls. This renders them constantly violent in their tastes. Men have only a certain degree of tenderness: this sensation is inexhaustible in women. Their heart is a kind of thermometer, whose degrees are infinite. In man, the mind often co-operates with the heart: this union is not rare. In woman, we may easily discover that the heart far outstrips the mind: the first is more alert, violent, and turbulent; so that where men simply love, women idolize. With man, reflection may easily moderate the sallies of passion: on the contrary, with woman, reflection greatly increases the tumult. We might even assert that the slightest constraint serves only to keep her reason and senses at bay. To the singular flexibility of the physical temper of women, we have, therefore, reason to attribute these violent agitations of their tastes and desires. Feel their pulse, and you will judge of the affections of their soul. As they are in general more sanguine and bilious than men, the motions of their heart must be relatively fuller, stronger, and more convulsive. He, then, who should maintain that women have naturally a slight fever, would not, perhaps, advance an extravagant paradox, but a singular truth.

Be this as it may, the mechanism of the heart of woman is in itself neither good nor bad, but becomes, by reason of circumstance, the productive principle of a numerous multitude of virtues and vices, pleasures and anxieties. For example: a woman has strong and violent passions:—she directs them towards heaven and she is a saint. Ninon L'Enclos is equally susceptible of great impressions: she turns them towards the world, and she is a woman of gallantry. They have, both,

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hearts violently passionate : they have, both, delicacy of sentiment ; but they have not both the courage to look on the same object.

The heart being by nature blind, it is reserved for the mind to enlighten it. A great heart, and an enlightened mind, form the extraordinary man. A vigorous mind and cold affections may form a great man, and sometimes a singular man ; but warm affections, more subtle than vigorous, may render the person who possesses them amiable, but very seldom happy. Now it is this last physiological character which rules over the common order of women, who are born in temperate climates. Thus, as they discern that their mind is not in general strong enough to controul the convulsive motions of their heart, they appear to be in continual apprehension of danger ; and for this reason, in the converse of the passions, they are always mistrustful, and far more suspicious than men, who are more accustomed to impose upon them. Hence arise, like branches of the same tree, that natural disposition in the greater part of women towards jealousy, hypocrisy, revenge, curiosity, &c. From these reflections we may venture to conclude, that men are, in general, better calculated for peaceable enjoyment than women ; and, consequently, that felicity in women is scarcer, and more lively, as the means are more difficult to be compassed. The excess of their desires often exposes them to become martyrs for their gratification. With them, the partition is very narrow between esteem and friendship, the interval still more slender between friendship and love ; and there is but a very shade between love and madness. Let us, therefore, readily believe, that a woman who bitterly complains, is often the sport of her own extravagant affections.

A temperate sky is the climate most particularly favourable to women, as they are there considered as making part of the political society, and can perform a conspicuous part. Elsewhere, they are in some measure, the slaves of the voluptuous caprices of most men with whom they are connected ; their mind

mind is engaged with nothing but the important care of pleasing their husbands. If in the northern regions women seem to enjoy more liberty than in the south, their condition is not usually thereby rendered either more agreeable or more happy. Being weaker than man, they are too often subjected to the most unjust laws of servitude. So true it is, that where the charms of love are of but little efficacy, the women are wanting in credit and power. What jealousy operates against women in southern climes, indifference produces in northern countries. It is not, therefore, in extreme climates that the manners of women have any visible influence upon public manners. This advantage, or this misfortune, is reserved for the people of the middling region. It is in this considerable part of the universe, where men's passions being more gentle and flexible, more readily yield to the taste and will of the women. Can we be surprised in surveying history, that it should appear necessary to all legislatures, to attentively eye their steps; to put sometimes a rising barrier to that ambitious and turbulent disposition, which makes them so carelessly undertake the commanding, changing, regulating, confusing, and reforming of every thing? If then we endeavour to fathom the principal character of a nation in a temperate region, it is necessary previously to study the general disposition of the women. If they breathe modesty and candour, you may confide in the power and probity of the men. If you observe, that the women know how to respect themselves, you may assure yourself that the men pay them great deference: and hold it as an invariable maxim, that the virtue of the women is proportioned to the smallness of the men's authority. It is from a desire, more or less animated, which both sexes have of affording mutual pleasure, that the greatest part of the moral and physical causes of those secret evolutions are derived, which are afterwards manifested in fashions, manners, customs, and pretty frequently in the system of civil affairs.

## LOVES OF THE ACIDS:

## A CHEMICAL POEM.

## EXTRACT AND SPECIMEN.

CHEMICAL as well as botanica! subjects are highly susceptible of poetical ornament. Dr. Darwin has furnished abundant proof of the one, in his poem, the *Botanic Garden; or, Loves of the Plants*. Even mathematics are capable of moving gracefully in poetic attire: we need only mention *The Loves of the Triangles* as a proof of this. We have been favoured by an ingenious correspondent with the perusal of a poem not less elegant than the former, or scientific than the latter. We are happy in laying before our readers an episodic *extract and specimen*, which may not be improperly designated

## FLUORIC, OR THE FLUORIC ACID.

" Long had the Nymph in cubic walls immur'd,  
The loath'd embrace of rugged Lime endur'd;  
Long had she sigh'd, and long implor'd in vain,  
To clasp dear Silex to her breast again;  
But he, seduc'd by Vitra's charms the while,  
Hangs on her sparkling cheek and glist'ning smile,  
His ancient love forgot. One summer's day,  
Vagrant Sulphuria bent her wanton way,  
In quest of gallants new: the Calcar king,  
Fann'd by the yellow beauties of her wing,  
Fir'd with her glance, thus spoke of love and joy,  
Seiz'd the kind damsel, and releas'd the coy.  
From chrystal bondage glad Fluoria flies,  
And all her charms on truant Silex tries,  
Nor tries in vain. Discarded Vitra now,  
Tears the rich lustre from her fretted brow.  
Silex, Fluoria, burn with equal flame,  
And raise to *Schelle* a wreath of chrystal fame.



In this specimen the Nymph Fluoria is the Fluoric acid. Lime is the rugged swain. A cubic chrystal of the fluor spar consists of this acid united with lime.

Fluor spar is the cubic Derbyshire spar, so called from its more ready fusion with different ores than any other combination of lime. It is chiefly used for chimney ornaments, of which at Derby, Castletown, &c. many curious varieties are exhibited. It is remarkable, chemically, for containing the fluoric acid, which has the property of readily uniting with silex, and the most beautiful etchings on glass are now formed by means of this acid, as upon copper by aquafortis. Mr. Professor Wilson, of Glasgow, has pointed out the method of even taking impressions from these etchings, of which the ingenious author of the Chemical Catechism has availed himself. It is effected by bedding the plates of glass after they are etched, in a matrix of plaister of Paris, which readily sets, and is then capable of being passed, without danger, through the rolling-press. Nicholson's Journal may be consulted, which contains the Professor's communications on this subject.

A test of the presence of Silex is Fluoric Acid, for this acid has a much greater attraction towards silicious earth than towards lime. It is perfectly correct, therefore, in the poet to represent the nymph Fluoria as sighing for the embrace of Silex, although in the arms of another swain.

Silex or flint being the great constituent of glass or Vitra, is not improperly represented as

"Seduced by Vitra's charms the while,  
Hangs on her sparkling cheek and glis'ning smile,  
His ancient love forgot."

The sulphuric acid was long known as the *acetum vagum* :—hence we presume the epithet vagrant.

We think this *brimstone in quest of gallants new*, perfectly characteristic, appropriate, and natural. The employment is something more than chemically accurate.

" Seized the kind damsel, and released the coy."

That is the Calcar king, or the lime of the cubic spar, having a greater tendency to unite with sulphuric than with fluoric acid, quits the fluoric, or *cøyer damsel*, combines with the sulphuric, and forms Gypsum.

" From chrystal bondage glad Fluoria flies,  
And all her charms on truant Silex tries;  
Nor tries in vain!"

Of course the fluoric acid, now set at liberty, is forced to unite with the Silex of glass, here represented, not unpoetically, as her truant lover, though in reality more attached to her.

" Discarded Vitra now  
Tears the rich lustre from her fretted brow."

The effect of the union of Silex and Fluoric acid, is to fret or erode the surface of glass from which it disengages the Silex. Probably the rim of a wine-glass is here alluded to, upon which we may suppose the grateful poet has etched a wreath, in honour of the immortal *Schelle*, who was the inventor of the chemical process, by which the art of etching upon glass is effected; and to whom we are, properly speaking, indebted for the very important discovery of the art of bleaching, by means of the black oxide of Manganese. This mineral, *Schelle* was the first who accurately and ably analyzed. We recommend this subject to Doctor Meyler in his next course of chemical lectures at the Rotunda, though gallant as he is, we scarcely dare expect that he will convert his doctrines into verse.

On

*On the Character and Capacity of the Asiatics,  
particularly of the Natives of  
Hindoostan.*

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To ascertain with precision, and define with accuracy, the character of any people, it is necessary that we first investigate the spirit of their laws, the nature of their government, and the frame of their religion. These are causes so powerful in their operation, and determinate in their influence on the mind of man, that the aggregate exercise of vice and virtue will, almost invariably, be found to bear an exact proportion to the degree of good and evil predominant in each.

The mischievous effects of arbitrary power have been so frequently inveighed against, with all the pomp of rhetoric, and all the energy of truth, that little remains either for addition or embellishment. Slavery and oppression, vice and ignorance, tyranny and persecution, have been shewn to be attendants on a lawless and despotic sway. These, forming an artful combination of mutual support, have gradually coalesced into a mass, indurated by time, and fortified by prejudice, which the desultory and disunited efforts of virtue and of freedom have vainly laboured to dissolve. The effects of this, though operating of itself, and void of any stronger impulse, must prove hostile to the general diffusion of knowledge, and epidemical increase of virtue. But, when ambition fires the mind of the man who concentrates in himself such absolute and unrestrained authority; who would acquire glory at the expense of humanity, and who desires only slaves and worshippers; then will his subjects be made to drink the bitterest cup of human misery. The victorious progress of Mohummond, the exploits of Aurungzeb and Timur, furnish adequate examples of the above assertion.

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The misery which pursued their steps, and the havoc which accompanied their progress, are too notorious to need mention here.

Such, then, is the species of government which has generally prevailed among all Eastern nations; and we may trace its consequences in that want of all the sterner sentiments, that abject servitude, and that decay of genius, which so eminently characterise the natives of the East. Their laws will naturally be framed in such a manner as to support their principles of rule; they will (and we find they actually do) inculcate a most servile obedience, and unqualified submission, to be their first and greatest duties: but when we turn to their religion, and find a compound of tyranny and priestcraft, nicely interwoven by the dexterous hand of fraud, injustice, and oppression; when we find many of its precepts subversive of society, and destructive to its happiness; when we evidently see traces of cruelty and blood, though coloured with some specious appearance of virtue, and tinctured with some infusions of morality; we cannot but conclude, that such a people are destitute of most of the qualities that adorn, and are in possession of many of the vices that degrade humanity.

The indolence of Oriental nations, and the despotism to which they have been usually subjected, are generally ascribed to the heat of the climate, which enervates the vigour both of mind and body: but this does not hold universally. The character of nations depends not merely on the climate, but also on the nature of their government and religion, their progress in refinement, improvement in knowledge, and various other circumstances. The causes, says an ingenious writer, which suspend the progress and diffusion of truth, arise, not from climate, but from the watchful and intolerant jealousy of despotic sovereigns.

Regarding the character of the natives of Hindoostan, very erroneous opinions have almost universally prevailed. They have generally

generally been represented as a mild, harmless, inoffensive race ; whose religion breathed nothing but the most enlarged benevolence to all mankind ; whose breast never rankled with the fiercer passions of revenge and cruelty ; who led their lives in innocence, and all whose paths were peace. But stubborn facts confute such flattering ideas. Thousands of human victims have been known annually to smoke on the polluted altars of their horrid deities—deities, whose crimes, if upon earth, society could not endure ; and those bosoms, which have been fondly imagined the asylums of love, of meekness, and humanity, are found to be the receptacles of every debasing crime, and every malignant passion !

Of all the vices incident to human nature, cruelty is the worst, and at the same time, the most unaccountable. All other passions rise in the mind from objects proper to excite them ; but of such objects, cruelty alone seems destitute ; and from its being discernible even in children of the tenderest age, it furnishes one of the strongest arguments to the natural depravity of our fallen character. The general propensity of the Romans to this vice, so visible in the savage cast of their recreations and amusements, may be accounted for from the numerous foreign and domestic wars in which they were so constantly engaged—but what shall we say to the mild, the gentle, the humane Hindoos, who, with careless levity, or calm indifference, can view a fellow-creature sacrificed by the murderous hand of some perfidious Brahmin, and writhing under the torture of a painful and protracted death ? who can see, with unconcern, the widow burning on the pile with her departed husband, and hear, without remorse, the helpless infant's unavailing cries, left to perish on a tree, a prey to ravenous birds, and to devouring insects ? Such are the fruits of a religion, which has been supposed to breathe a spirit of the purest love, the most enlarged benevolence, and the most enlightened charity.

If we examine into the capacity peculiar to the Asiatics, we shall find them to possess a larger portion of ability than is  
generally

generally supposed. Indeed we have every reason to suppose, that the sun of science, as well as of revelation, first arose upon the Eastern world ; and that the polished nations of Europe, who now excel antiquity in arts, and vie with it in arms, are indebted to Asia for their cultivation, and many of their best attainments. The Asiatics, it is probable, had climbed the heights of science before the Greeks had learned their alphabet ; and while the forests of Europe were shocked with a few wild, uncultivated savages, these were collected into popular cities, the seats of arts, of luxury, and of despotism. Asia has given birth to some of the greatest monarchies of the world ; to that of the Assyrians, the Medes, and the Persians. The foundations of astronomy are said to have been laid in Babylon ; and from the Magi of Persia, Pythagoras is declared to have acquired the principles of that knowledge, which procured him the applause and veneration of the Greeks. Hindoostan was infinitely more enlightened than it is at this day, and its inhabitants, a civilized, a commercial, and even a warlike people ; and at the time that the Greeks imagined themselves the only great people upon earth, Confutsee had planted morality and good government in China. Thus we see that literature, taste, and science originated in Asia, and by a gradual diffusion, in the course of time, spread themselves over Greece and Italy. Such then having been once the state of the sciences and arts among the Asiatics, it cannot be unreasonable to suppose, that their ability still remains unhurt and vigorous ; and that those sparks of genius, hitherto smothered or enfeebled by the noxious climate of oppression, might, under the congenial influence of a milder government and more favourable laws, again be fanned into a flame.

“ If,” says Sir William Jones, “ the numerous writings of the Hindoos on grammar, logic, rhetoric, and music, all which are extant and accessible, were explained into some language generally understood, it would be found that they have the highest pretensions to the praise of a fertile and inventive genius. Their lighter poems are lively and elegant ; their epic, magnificent and sublime

sublime in the highest degree ; and we cannot reasonably doubt, how degenerate and abased soever the Hindoos may now appear, that in some early age, they were splendid in arts, and arms, happy in government, wise in legislation, and eminent in various knowledge ; indeed, in spite of their many revolutions and conquests, their sources of wealth are still abundant, and in many of their manufactures they still surpass all the world."

Such, then, are the people who now acknowledge the comparatively mild effects of British government. How animating the idea, how glorious the opportunity which providence has placed in our hands, of diffusing over thirty millions of people a more enlightened knowledge, and a purer system of morality ; of employing Christianity to knock off the fetters of Brahminical hypocrisy and pride ; and of securing to an ignorant and degraded multitude the invaluable blessings of social felicity !

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## THE DRAMA.

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After the departure of Mr. Braham, the *Forty Thieves* and Mr. Bannister were "got up" to fill the vacuum he had caused. Both have failed—not, as it should appear, for want of attraction in either, but because the taste of the town had taken another current, and it could not speedily be altered. Besides we were saturated with plays—every one who had an ear—every one who wished to be fashionable, frequented the theatre night after night. There are not half a dozen regular audiences in Dublin. They were all fatigued—and the beautiful scenery of *Marinari* and the more excellent acting of Mr. Bannister are completely lost upon the town.

"The *Forty Thieves*" is indeed a brilliant exhibition—but it is an exhibition merely. The Arabian tale is infinitely better told in the story book than on the stage. Yet the exquisite scenery

tery of the spectacle and the magnificent dresses of the performers evince some liberality in the manager though unfortunately little judgment. With respect to the performers in this piece, there is little room for criticism. Ali Baba found a sufficiently adequate representative in Mr. Williams, and the unnatural character of Cassim passed off without a hiss from the personification of Mr. Younger. The most diverting personage in the whole is Mr. Johnson's cobbler. This gentleman has very considerable powers, in spite of a dissonant voice; and to these powers to which we shall particularly revert hereafter, he joins industry and attention. Mr. Gomery was the prominent character—he speaks better than clowns do in general—but that's all. As to the ladies we can only say, that Miss Locke was most superbly attired, that Mrs. Cooke looked truly absurd in her poor dress, and that from Mrs. Stewart's Morgiana we expected infinitely more. It is impossible to quit this subject without recurring again to the scenery. The Artists deserve great praise, but we should rejoice at the negligence with which the whole has been received, had we not observed that Mr. Bannister's admirable grimace has been equally unattractive. The public seem positively fatigued.

At the other house, the fascinating Lupino, the Twamleys and Baurdin still trip it to the admiration of the connoisseur. The ballet of Paul and Virginia is perhaps the most beautiful even of the French school. It is most delightfully performed and we are only surprized that it has not been more generally made the subject of conversation.

At this theatre the performance of Petro on the slack wire the wonderful ballances he makes and the agility he exhibits are the themes of conversation every where. But the most singular and astonishing performance of this man is perfectly unaccountable upon the principles of anatomy. He stands upon two chairs, bends backwards, and takes a shilling with his mouth from the ground. Generally speaking we are not partial to these exhibitions—but they really deserve the notice of the physician and philosopher.

*Perouse*



*Perouse* has been exhibited at this theatre. The melancholy fate of this navigator, and the story of so much of his voyage as is known, give an interest to this pantomime which the mere creature of fancy can never possess. Independant, however, of the charm which it may derive from this circumstance, it was admirably gesticulated throughout. Of Mr Henry Johnston's masterly and energetic action it would be superfluous to speak. Mrs. Wybrow the best Columbine on the English or perhaps on any stage, was not, we think, equally interesting, as in the partner of Motley Hero. But the hero of the pantomime was the Monkey. It was a masterpiece of dumb and grateful nature, and received indeed with deserved applause. The chief of the Indians gave all the points of savage life; fury, jealousy, that incomprehensive ignorance and vacant wonderment which characterize the savage tribes.

The two houses have been running comic pantomime at each other—for let Mr. Jones say what he please, we should never have half this exertion had not Mr. Johnstone been manager of Peter-Street house. The scenery of the Mountain Witches is very beautiful and was highly applauded, and there are some excellent tricks in the pantomime. The cauldron is particularly good, and the cutting of the clown in two, highly amusing—but why not request Mr. Cubitt and the other witches to cease singing. Mr. Eller is a most graceful and active harlequin—but Mr. Gomery, as a clown, is inferior to Mr. Cooke at the other house. It seems odd, but Mr. Jones introduces a very expensive comic pantomime without a Columbine? What a fine creature Miss Dyke is! what a pity she is on the stage! There is an overture announced as composed by Mr. T. Cooke—why did he say composed?

Mr. Johnstone has brought forth at his theatre a new melo drama, with a creditable degree of splendor.—It would be difficult to conceive a subject more highly calculated to awaken the nationality, and to rouse the feeling of an Irish audience than the heroic story of Brian Boroihme. But this drama has been miserably managed; so miserably indeed, that criticism cannot stoop to notice

its defects. When neither a ray of talent appears in the dialogue, nor an indication of artifice in the plot, it would be unnecessary justice to pronounce the piece execrable in sentiment, mean in manners, and unmarked in character. With the exception of a single song, which is not the production of Mr. Mara, the author, "night instead and ever during dark" prevail throughout the entire. If it were worth while, we might observe that the story contains a glaring anachronism. Turgesius and Brian Boroihme were not contemporaries—nor was the daughter of the latter borne away by the Dane. Mr. Mara has found the incident, or he had heard something about it in the reign of an earlier chieftain, Mealshoughlin. The event indeed constitutes one of the most brilliant passages in the semi-barbarous, or if the reader please, in the heroic times of Ireland. The characteristic and peculiar circumstances, however, Mr. Mara has suppressed. He has made Erina's flight, a mere common-place elopement. The story has been dramatized about fifty years ago by Mr. Howard, under the name of the *Siege of Tanur*. It is contained in that gentleman's works, and although there is much bathos and folly in many parts of the tragedy, there are some fine lines and splendid images. Had Mr. Mara modestly confined himself to a transmutation of this tragedy into a melo-drama, as they have done with Macbeth in London, he would have been more successful, and might have pleased even the judicious in spite of his feeble and overstrained action. As it is, however, the fighting and pageantry have admirers, though we are not quite certain whether the pageantry be appropriate, and we are fully persuaded that the fighting is execrable. The author played Brian.—It was provoking to see what an old woman he made of the gallant chieftain. But we shall not criticize his acting, for a reason that will be obvious.

Mr. H. Johnston sustained the Lord of the Lakes. He gave the few wretched and contemptible scraps appointed for him with energy and grace. But he had no opportunity to act.

The Gentleman who enacted Roderick possesses some humour, and was highly applauded by the galleries.

Master

Master Wallock personated two characters. This was slowly. God knows Mr. Johnston has abundance of people, and he might drill one of them to speak a few words. This lad, however, is very clever. He spoke what was set down for him with feeling and propriety, and on the whole he bids fair to succeed in his profession.

A lady of the name of Cuming played Erina on the first and a few following nights of the piece. She was much embarrassed, rather awkward, and very unfeelingly received. We shall not discuss her merits, as she has since retired.

Mrs. Creswell sung a few Irish airs very sweetly—but she is totally devoid of animation. She has lost much of her popularity. Whither this falling off be attributable to the deterioration evident in her acting, or to another more delicate cause, we may perhaps embrace a future opportunity of enquiring.

To return to the other theatre, and to conclude with a review of the opera department, which we commenced last month. The first object, after those already mentioned, that attracts consideration, is Mrs. Cocke. This lady has a sweet, melodious, and without any pretensions to excel in the higher range of her profession, a cultivated and well-managed voice. A melody or a simple *aria*, she gives, not with much gracefulness indeed, nor with what is technically called expression; but there is a naiveté and beauty and infantine delicacy in the tones that are equally attractive. As an actress she is below mediocrity—totally inattentive to the business of the scene, and with an eye wandering about the boxes, she prattles off her part, like a little miss running through her French verbs. She is however, improving in this respect, and we hope to see this discreditable carelessness speedily removed.

Of the ladies who appear in the opera, Mrs. Stewart is the best actress, and the worst singer—yet her voice is an excellent one, and if she could divest herself of her airs and giddiness,  
and

and avoid foolish attempts at quivering and shaking, there is none would be heard with more pleasure. Her levity and humour never fail to bring down the plaudits of all the young men in the house.

But on the whole are we to consider this lady as a singer, an actress, or a dancer? She certainly possesses talents for each of those departments, and has appeared in each we believe, with success. She has only sacrificed to Terpsichore occasionally, but we doubt not if she continued her devoirs, she would at last become a favourite with the fascinating Goddess. It is our present purpose, however, to analyze her in that line which she plays, and which we shall do with at least as much decorum and delicacy as she desires. Mrs. Stewart's person is neat and *petit*; her face plain though piquant, her eye more remarkable for a firmness of expression than for beauty, her mouth large, her teeth tolerable, a sufficient protuberance of bosom which recently she seems rather solicitous to conceal, and an excellent leg and foot. Indeed the latter is the most fascinating part of her frame, nor does she herself seem to be of a different opinion, for it is always in motion—no matter in what character or scene. She generally enters in quick time and she always makes her exit in a jig. She is the busiest little creature in the world—if her hands have nothing else to do, they are employed in parting the hair of her wig, or in scratching her head. Yet these tricks which would be deemed vicious in others, are far from being displeasing in Mrs. Stewart. The thing is a hoyden and a romp, and who would look for delicacy in either? We love them for their faults, and although our love may not be mingled with respect, the sensation is far from being unpleasant. It is true, indeed, Mrs. Stewart “tops her part” too often. We all know that the morals and manners of an Italian Marchioness, for instance, are those of courtesan, that she plays off her airs for the purpose of inveigling, and that those attitudes by which Lady Hamilton won the Hero of Trafalgar, are the usual artillery of an Italian lady for similar purposes. But licentious as the British Stage unfortunately seems to be—full of error as well as of indelicacy, as too many  
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of the people are, who complain or swagger on the boards of the theatre, we do not expect in a British or Irish Actress a drapery which would, or ought to disgrace a British or Irish woman—we do not expect such an exhibition as a Florentine or Parisian audience; we do not expect the loose tread, and the confident pruriency which is admired at the *Theatre Francaise*, or in the *Select Company* of the Vatican. In short, we do not admire the bold lasciviousness of a foreign theatre, or a foreign people. British, but particularly *Irish* manners are what the Irish people want. How infinitely preferable to all these meretricious fascinations are the innocent archness and modest gaiety of a native actress; for in truth, Mrs. Stewart puts us in mind of the French Theatre, and the inviting and significant little grizetts to be seen in France. With one of these dangerous little animals, it is not difficult for a stranger to get acquainted—but we shall cease, and speak of Mrs. Stewart's abilities as an actress. She possesses more archness, coquetry and fun than any lady now in our recollection, but she is inattentive and fantastical. Her voice is good, sometimes rather shrill, but she judiciously confines herself to that line in the opera, which now and then demands an occasional song. Her ambition does not lead her to figure through difficult passages, though she may have as much power as many of her more pretending sisters. Her faults are incorrigible, although her capabilities may be improved; and latterly her deportment and dress are very considerably and for herself very creditably improved indeed.—But we shall have occasion to revert more particularly to this lady hereafter.

Mrs. Davis has no voice, yet she sings what is set down for her with propriety. Her acting unambitious as it is, we think very creditable to her understanding and sensibility. The scene in *the Cabinet*, in which she endeavours to repress her jealousy and resentment against a rival, is conceived with great happiness, and charactered with infinite vivacity and force. There are many other parts, in which this lady is equally fortunate, as we shall show at a future opportunity. We only wish that she would divest herself of the *brogue*, except when playing the Widow Brady.

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The only professional male singer who is likely to remain amongst us, is Mr. Payne. He seems to be a modest, pains-taking young man, has a soft and pretty voice, and acquits himself upon the whole, in a very passable and decent style. There can be no doubt of his improvement; but we object against the principle which Mr. Jones has too often admitted, of an indifferent performer coming upon a metropolitan stage to learn his profession. In the provincial theatres all the preliminary knowledge may be acquired. It is too much to expect the audience of a capital to tolerate all the peculiarities or faults of every tyro who adventures into the profession. These remarks are not directed against Mr. Payne's interest, because we think that he may eventually, prove an acquisition—but it is hard, when the public treat the manager so liberally that he would not in return exert himself to procure for them the highest gratification in his power.

A Mr. Holland has appeared in the opera. It would be really shocking, it would be an insult to the reader to deliver any opinion on the merits of this gentleman.

On the whole that part of the season which has been already elapsed, afforded the purest banquet which the lovers of song and harmony for a length of time experienced in this city. Our space will not allow us to recur to a general recapitulation, but next month we shall enter somewhat minutely into the merits of the different pieces, as well as of the performers.

## A BREEZE.

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DE———— IN ALVO RETENTO.

*Morbi ex ventre venient, qui ventre retenti,  
Spasmus, Hydrops, et Vertigo : hoc res probat ipsa.*

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WE assure the Faculty that it is not our intention to discuss this delicate subject. We submit it to the science of Garnet, the profound experience of Richards, the general practice of Boyton, and to the other members of the Salernian School. We shall abstain from all medical discussions, because, (and the reader will admire our prudence) we are ignorant even of the terms of the craft. Besides, as our motto informs us, the thing is self-evident. But it was not necessary to tell us in Leontine latin the dreadful consequences of such retention. Major Sirr himself must feel it, and even Mr. Keogh, the orator. And why should they not? We know that the great frame of nature suffers *de flatu*, as Etna, Vesuvius and Hecla so loudly testify; and could it be expected that man, the microcosm and epitome of the world, even such men as Sir John Stevenson, whose thorough base and treble are so beautiful, or as Frederick Edward Jones that great public *funckary*, as Mr. Goold calls him, could be excepted from the general law of nature? No, that law, like death and the tax-man, reaches the lord and the labourer, the duchess and the dairy-maid; none can escape its operation, though most have agreed to suppress their complaints. Very injudiciously, in our opinion, have mankind hitherto acted on this occasion. It is a debatable question, whether there has not more mischief arisen to society from a tacit agreement to keep these humble secrets, than could have possibly resulted from revealing them. In the infancy of mankind, namely, in the Golden Age, we have reason to con-

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clude that people were not so particular in this point ; and to this liberality of expression, no doubt, much of the felicity of which we read should be ascribed. In after ages, when freedom was sacrificed to security, and pleasure to refinement, when civilization condemned the multitude to toil, and the *domini* to domineer, when the pyramids of Egypt were building, and the armies of the East herding off to the shambles ;—in those iron times it was that man began to conceive such indulgence too much. Slavish silence imposed by a stern aristocracy ! these political excrescences ! these anti-republican *fungi* ! these destroying Chesterfields of the Rights of Man ! think of what they did even in Roman times ! Pliny assures us expressly, that in his day a citizen would deem a whisper on the subject excessively unfashionable. Melancholy perversion of nature and nature's laws ! The philosophic mind *weeps* when it contemplates the misery to which the corrupt organization of society condemns its victims. Man, that should be the first object in the creation, who, when he issued from his creator's, hand was—man ; \* man with “ Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,” so express and admirable in his gestures, and so much like a deity, as Shakespeare says, (divine Shakespeare ! ) is deprived, *horresco referens*, of a natural right, exercised by the vilest beast ! prohibited by oligarchic despotism and priestcraft from——. We cannot proceed ; indignation chokes our pen.

O when will arise the days of philosophy and light ! *Quando te aspiciam*, O liberty ! whether with a cap like thy picture in the Hibernian Journal, or in the shape of a tree, like that which Bonaparte was so fond of planting formerly. Or if your bonnet be pledged with Mr. Stevenson the Pawn-broker, or your staff become a pole to adorn the shop of Mr. Leake the Surgeon—Barber, since his brother-in-law Mr. Grattan whipped you out of the country with his Insurrection Bill—return, I pray thee, even in form of a simple O. P. ! We shall hail thy arrival with uproarious enthusiasm ; and although we have neither private boxes, nor new prices, we shall terrify the patentee, and make the gentle M<sup>c</sup>Nally shake ! Glorious privilege ! But above all, allow



allow us to do what we please, to speak what language we like, articulate or inarticulate. Then indeed we shall be free, and then only. Now for our parts, although we hate both kings and ministers of state—although republicans to the core, and steadfast believers in possibilities—although we would assert the perfectibility of human nature, even at the cannon's mouth—if it happened to be unloaded,—or we happened to dine with the duke of Richmond, we confess we feel *considerable enthusiasm* for the memory of the Emperor Claudius, rest him, God! who promulgated, by an imperial edict, liberty of acting in this respect to the world! Hence it should seem that although Claudius is no great favourite with historians, he was capable of a generous deed. This decree proves it possible that princes may sometimes *commit* a good action. Would to Heaven that Bonaparte would issue a few such decrees; then indeed would he confer on Europe that liberty and happiness of which he talks so much. But he is too fond of the *blockading* system, for us ever to expect that he will open the *ports* of his subjects. He hates England too sincerely ever to grant any such indulgence. But in spite of Bonaparte, Reform is on the wing—it comes—the day spring! it is for a decree like this of Claudius, that posterity shall have to thank us when it peruses the history of these eventful times. This decree will be a breathing post in the narrative of our actions. Yes, we repeat it, it is in vain to talk of Liberty until this monarchical and counter-revolutionary restriction is abolished!\*

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## LETTERS ON IRELAND,

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

### LETTER III.

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PERHAPS there are no people under the sun so national as the Irish, and in general none so unpatriotic; none who display such quick

\* Arise, Colonel Wardle! you are not yet completely down. *He* is an opportunity for a new display of patriotism.

quick resentment at a national affront, and none who have suffered more quietly the deepest national injuries. Their courage as individuals, and their cowardice as a people are equally proverbial. The slightest imputation upon the honor of an Irishman's country will impel him into any danger, while at the same time he becomes willingly instrumental in inflicting upon her the grossest wrongs. The landlord is generous to a fault, although the tenant is oppressed beyond endurance. The peasantry unite in their characters the opposite extremes of barbarism and urbanity, of superstition and of irreligion—of attachment and of ingratitude, of fidelity and of deceit. Unprincipled, with the most delicate sense of honor—venal even to meanness, although proud; the gentry of Ireland fancy that spirit is a superior kind of rectitude, and that corruption may be indulged with impunity when accompanied with the paramount qualities of gentle birth and competent income. This inverted species of feeling has been produced by the political peculiarities of the country. There is no nation of modern Europe, circumstanced as Ireland is, none, I believe in history. Conquered by the conquerors of England, the victory, for nearly a lapse of six centuries produced no permanent benefit to one nation, and heaped injuries and insults upon the other. The country was invaded and occupied to a certain extent, by a handful of men, who would have fled before the *foray* of one of the Border Chiefs. The invasion of Strongbow is perhaps one of the most singular events in modern history. I need not detail the circumstances—you have read them in Hume, and although you have often blamed that elegant but unfaithful historian, for depicting the barbarism of Ireland, with a pencil too poetical perhaps and severe; yet I think if there were even no positive and direct evidence of the fact, the very event of the invasion would justify every line of the delineation. Habit renders us indifferent to the most uncommon moral or natural phenomena. Accustomed from our infancy to read the history of our own country, we become familiar with the facts, before reason commences its exercise. The battles of Bosworth, of Flodden field and of the Boyne are registered in our memory merely as splendid or important events. The invasion of Ireland lays claim to  
the

the latter of those epithets, but it has in itself so little splendor and with the exception of earl Strongbow and his captures it can claim such small pretensions to glory, that few have thought it worth their while to make this part of history their study. Yet to the English this invasion is highly honourable. That a band of three or four hundred men could render themselves masters of the capital of one of the finest and largest islands in Europe—and that surrounded by enemies on all sides, they and their descendants kept possession for six centuries, is an event that would not be credited, if we had not an history of Ireland. Speak no more of the conquerors of Peru and Mexico—Pizarro had the musquet and the horse—he was fired with the lust of gain and the lust of religion—yet did the natives fight, although persuaded that their antagonists were superhuman—they rushed upon an artillery whose rage they knew to be destructive, and they died in myriads at the foot of their monarch's throne. Their empire was overturned, but the Spaniard had to wade knee-deep in blood to his object. The population were almost extinguished before the conquest was achieved. What was the case with Ireland? Strongbow and his associates though superior perhaps in point of military science to the people whose country they invaded, were equalled by the latter at least in courage and local knowledge. It is true the Welch chief came but as an auxiliary, yet we find his descendants establishing an independant government in the centre of an hostile island. The state in which the invaders found the country is almost a demonstration of their libels. With respect to the intrigues and treasons of their native princes, although it serves as an apology for the ease with which the colonists planted themselves, it proves the extent to which distraction and anarchy prevailed in the kingdom.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

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*The Battles of Talavera ; a Poem.* 12mo. pp. 39.

The style which the celebrity of Walter Scott's poems has rendered so prevalent, is here introduced as the vehicle of celebration. We, who consider the *manner* as injurious to the vivid figures and poetical descriptions which generally constitute the *matter* of the *Lay of the last Minstrel*, and of *Marmion*, cannot be high'y gratified with a continuation of that *manner*, without the recommendation of new and impressive imagery. There is, in the poems of the modern Border Minstrel, a continued display of that genuine characteristic of true poetry, "*a rich simplicity*." Few recent authors seem to be aware that *simplicity* can be *rich*. Of that *simplicity of nature* which is abundant in beauties of idea and of expression this poem is wholly unconscious ; and therefore when they would write with *naïveté*, they affect to throw aside every embellishment, as if vacancy of thought and nakedness of diction had any coincidence with the ever-varying and luxuriant language of sentiment, tenderness and vivacity. The author of "*The Battles of Talavera*" is indeed not one of this squeamish class of modern poetasters : he abounds with imagery—not *his own* ! and we frequently meet two or three of Walter Scott's metaphors contending for a line, or jostling against each other at the fag-end of a stanza : thus—

" And rising on the storms of fate,  
His rapid genius soars,  
Sees at a glance his whole resource,  
Drains from each stronger point its force,  
And on the weaker pours :  
Present where'er his soldiers bleed,  
He rushes through the fray ;  
And, so the dangerous chances need,  
In high emprise and desperate deed,  
Squanders himself away !"

No

No man who pretends to *think*, could *write* in this manner ; but there are writers who, having no faculty in their minds of drilling the ideas with which they are fain to recruit their own vacant imaginations from the works of other authors, suffer them to rush out of their cantonments *helter-skelter*, *higgledy-piggledy*, *one a-top of t'other*, to the perversion of meaning, the confusion of metaphor, and the destruction of common-sense. Were it not for this crash of imagery which so repeatedly recurs, we should be inclined to commend many passages which, taken separately, have considerable merit. The 18th, 22d, and the commencement of the 23d, stanza, possess much animated description ; yet in these the author seems to delight in destroying the strength and beauty of every figure, by some wretched conceit or broken metaphor. Thus where he has told us—

“ And when the fresh'ning breezes broke  
A chasm in the *volumed* smoke,  
*Busy* and black was seen to wave  
The iron harvest of the field—”

in which passage, with the exception of the strange word *volumned*, and the low word *busy*, there is some degree of poetry, he conceitedly adds—

“ That harvest which, *in slaughter till'd*,  
Is gather'd in the grave.”

Now, this *harvest* in a field of battle, even with its epithet *iron* we have met with in various authors, and have understood it as metaphorically applied to the warriors *till'd in slaughter*, we must either consent to admire every thing that is incomprehensible, or else condemn with those who honestly condemn whatever is ridiculously absurd. The author of this Poem is the well-known and fortunate Mr. Croker of the Admiralty.

*The Pastoral Care; a Didactic Poem, in three Parts. Address-  
ed to the Junior Clergy.* 12 mo. pp. 174.

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The good intensions of the author of this *poem* seem to apologise for its deficiency in *poetry*. If he can teach the junior clergy their pastoral duties by lame metre, false metaphor, and careless phraseology, we shall heartily congratulate him on succeeding where many works of more apparent merit have, we fear, most lamentable failed in their purpose.

*Ronald, a Legendary Tale; with other Poems.* 12mo. pp. 106

Nothing is more easy than the art of *rhyming*—nothing more difficult than the art of *poetry*; yet how many proficient in the former, of all ages and either sex, pretend to be wonderful adepts in the latter, and think that every two lines which they unwittingly unite together in the bondage of rhyme, are never to be put asunder, but are to beget fame—never dying fame—in *seculum seculorum*. The present rhymers, it seems, is (or rather *ought to be*) a student of law, but pants ardently to become that Ovid which Pope tells us “was in Murray lost.” But let the bright young man speak for himself; and we will leave our readers to judge whether he is most likely to become an Ovid or a Murray. We are free to confess our fears that he will never resemble either.

“Reader! I say, scarce yet a youth,  
For if indeed I must speak truth,  
Many of these have written been  
Ere I had years yet told eighteen!

But

But now (a common fate) grown old—  
 Would you my age precise be told?  
 Dear, curious Reader! I shall be,  
 On my next birth-day, *twenty-three!*" &c.

Who does not admire that *legal* and *poetical* doubt concerning *truth*, in the second line?—But we seem to be trifling with our readers, in criticising such vile nonsense.

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*Poems, by Sir John Carr. 8 vo. pp. 228.*

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Perhaps, in conformity with the titles of other works of this *illustrious* knight, the volume before us ought to have been called *The Stranger on Parnassus*. A sentence from his Preface will clearly prove that Sir John is but little acquainted with the language of that celebrated region. Of the Poems now "submitted to the public with all that diffidence," &c. he tells us that "they lay no pretensions to the *depth* and *solidity* of the *effusions* of the Muse in her elevated *flights*." Now, what sort of an *effusion* that may be which comes from any being in an *elevated flight*, and possesses *depth* and *solidity*, we do not very well understand, and are very unwilling to guess. We fear that our knight-errant caught a *scent* of his metaphor by the side of a dyke, when he was a *Stranger in Holland*. It has certainly nothing to do with the language of Parnassus.

The author wishes "to *class* 'his verses' in that which is appropriated for the reception of the light and playful *vers de société*." That *niche*, we are inclined to think, is one of the *pigeon-holes* of his own desk. The *impromptus*, the complimentary rhymes, and the occasional stanzas of such Pegasean chevaliers as Sir John Carr, ought to be kept as sacredly from the public eye as the *amulets* of the knights of old, the disclosure of which produced inevitable disgrace. Still we are not so fastidious as to reject such

such *metrical conversation pieces* entirely; but we must assert, that unless these *bagatelles* are finely pointed, and exquisitely polished, they are insufferable.—Conceit, false metaphor, and inflated sentiments must never be considered as embellishments. We must have no *feelings caressing genuine tears*; no *showers embracing lily leaves* no *sun aiding the lily, by drinking up the drops that laid it low*; we must not hear *the dress* of nature, nor any other dress, *told to think*; nor must *Fancy enfold any relics in waves, like the gem in amber*. No—in the lightest trifles of poetry none of this glittering nonsense must be found: every thought must be bright, indeed; but that brightness must be clear. The ray reflected from a dew-drop is beautiful, because instead of dazzling us, it divides itself into all its component colours.

Yet while the Poems of Sir John Carr are thus abundant in conceit and false ornament, we are happy in perceiving that some passages are expressive of genuine sentiments, in the true language of poetry.—True poetry is nothing more than the language of the heart. Sincerity of feeling always bestows a strength of utterance which the utmost fervor of imagination can never equal. There are some passages in lines on the death of the author's brother, (p. 4, &c.) which are really pathetic, and are undoubtedly the effusions of a sensible mind and affectionate heart. In most of the Poems the versification is smooth; and if the *knightly* author would condescend to write less like a *knight*, and more like a human being, we think that he would exhibit powers far above the common level. The following is a very fair specimen of this writer's poetical talents. The stanzas are the latter part of a poem *on the Death of the Lady of Lieut. Col. Adams, who lately died of a Decline, in the East Indies*:

“ Long hov’ring o’er his fleeting breath,  
Love kept his watch in silent gloom;  
He saw her meekly yield to Death,  
And knelt a mourner at her tomb.

“ When



" When, dimly \* seen in robes of white,  
 A mournful train along the grove  
 Shall bear the lamp of sacred light,  
 To deck the turf of those they love—

" Then shall the wood-dove quit its bower,  
 And seek the spot where she is laid;  
 Its wild and mournful notes shall pour  
 A requiem to her hallow'd shade.

" And friendship oft shall raise the veil  
 Time shall have drawn o'er pleasures past,  
 And Fancy shall repeat the tale  
 Of happy hours, too sweet to last!

" But when she mourns o'er Mira's bier,  
 And when the fond illusion ends,  
 O then shall fall the genuine tear,  
 That drops for dear departed friends!"

We shall say nothing to the complimentary lines addressed to that other illustrious knight Sir Robert Ker Porter, upon his approaching nuptials with the Princess Shebatoff. We doubt not that the Chevalier of the Imperial Order of St. Joachim has returned the compliments in lines of equal brilliancy. Happy, happy times! when knights-errant, instead of breaking a lance together when they meet, are contented to break Priscian's head in a stave or two of false metre. We cannot, however, pass over the next Poem without advising Sir John to learn French before he ventures to translate from it. An inscription on the pedestal of a statue in a garden at Utrecht begins thus:

N'offrant

\* Mr. Hodges, in his *Travels in India*, page 28, mentions that between Banglepoor and Mongheir it is the custom of the women of the family to attend the tombs of their friends after sun-set; and observes, "it is both affecting and curious to see them proceeding in groups, carrying lamps in their hands, which they place at the head of the tomb."

" N'offrant qu'un cœur à la Beauté \*,"

which our knight so dreadfully misunderstands, that he gives us the following couplet for its corresponding meaning in English :

" To Beauty give your heart, your sighs,  
No other off'ring will she prize."

Sir John is also the first author known to us, who has ventured to set Painting above Poetry. This he has done in *Lines to a promising young Artist*, where perhaps he meant to encourage the pencil of his young friend with this and some other poetical flights beyond the strict limits of truth. Few artists will be inclined to join him in the following eucomiums on British patronage :

" Thrice happy Britain ! in thy favour'd isle  
The sister Arts in health and beauty smile !  
Tho' no imperial gall'ries grace thy shores,  
Tho' Wealth the public bounty seldom pours,  
Yet private taste rewards the painter's toil,  
And bids his genius grace his native soil."

Such flattery to the poor, niggardly, bargaining patronage of the present day, is worse than servile—it is wicked. It is such

\* The original possesses a simplicity which has been much admired ; and as we have seen a close and correct translation of it in a gentleman's villa not far from London, we shall present both the French and English to our readers :

N'offrant qu'un cœur à la Beauté,	Off'ring to Beauty but one heart,
Nud comme la Verité,	Naked as Truth can be,
Sans armes comme l'Innocence,	He bears, like Innocence, no dart,
Sans ailes la Constance,	No wings, like Constasy :
Tel fut l'Amour dans le siècle d'or,	And this was Love, in golden days
On ne le trouve plus, quoiqu'on le	of yore—
cherche encor.	We seek him such, but find him such
	no more.

such *lick-trencher scamps*, who run with their pockets full of ready-made praise, from one country to another, on whom *private patronage* is bestowed; while laborious and persevering genius pines unnoticed, whether the pen or the pencil be the instrument of its exertions.

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*Grieving's a Folly: a Comedy, in Five Acts: as performed  
by the Drury-Lane Company, at the Lyceum, Strand.  
By Richard Leigh, Esq.*

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Modern comedies are nothing more than modern novels in dialogue:—silly, sickly medleys of puns, extravagant buffoonery, and false sentiment. This, which we have just read, is one of the most vapid of the whole species. The story is unnatural, and the characters more absurd, than the worst of *nature's vilest journeymen* could ever have contrived.—From what we have heard of the author, we should suppose him to be old enough to know what sort of beings men and women are; but we find him going to the common courses of study, the ridiculous romances of the day, in which, beings who resemble nothing upon earth are reported to do things which never were done, and to say things that never were said.

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*Venoni, or the Novice of St. Mark's; a Drama, in Three Acts. By M. G. Lewis.*

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Mr. Lewis says, in his preface to this piece, “ This will, probably, be the last of my dramatic attempts. The act of composing

composing has ceased to amuse me: I feel that I am not likely to write better than I have done already; and though the public have received my plays certainly with an indulgence equal to their merits, those merits, even to myself, appear so trifling, that it cannot be worth while to make any further efforts at the attainment of dramatic fame. Here, then, I shall take my leave of the Theatre, probably for ever."—Now, all this sounds in our ears like the peevish, perulant complaining of a petted little girl, who wants to be courted to do that, which she is all in a fidget to do of her own accord. It seems to us to be a trap to catch the drawling lamentations of *monk-loving* misses, who may exclaim, "Lor,' Mr. Lewis, so you really don't write any more?—Lor,' how shocking!—Lor,' I'm sure it will be impossible to think of going to the play, or of reading a word, if you don't write—Lor,' how shocking!"—For our own part, if Mr. Lewis can do no better than translate such wretched things as "*Les Victimes Cloîtrées*" so wretchedly as this before us, we sincerely hope he will keep his word. The loss of the author of Alphonso, and of Adelgitha, we might regret, but we could very well spare the author of Venoni. Could we, for a moment, conceive the plot of this play to be probable, we would acknowledge that the extravagant agents which conduct it are also natural; but whatever may be the case in Italy, such beings are not common enough in Ireland to excite any general commiseration. There are madmen and villains, we know; but scenes, which cannot occur, unless the principal characters are arrived at the highest delirium of madness, or the most consummate excess of villainy, can never be justly pathetic, because they can never be in unison with the hopes and fears of those who behold them. The language of this piece is energetic, but it is frequently the vehicle of false and over-violent sentiments. The third act, either in its first state, or as Mr. Lewis, in "*twenty-four hours*," re-composed it, is little else than a farrago of absurdities. This "*setting the brain to work*," and re-writing whole acts, after the play had been three nights before the public, is a most unprecedented measure; but the London public have nothing to do with the *workings of any man's brains*.

a cask is set before them, which has not worked itself sufficiently clear, they are not to take a *trial glass* now, and another *trial glass* in twenty-four hours: no, the *muddy stuff* must be thrown away at once, without any of the hasty refining of such spirit-manufacturers as M. G. Lewis, Esq.

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*The Foundling of the Forest : a Play in three Acts, as now performing at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, with the most distinguished success. By William Dimond, Esq. Author of 'Adrian and Orrila,' 'Hero of the North,' 'Hunter of the Alps,' &c. &c.*

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Consummate villainy and romantic grief are the stilts upon which our modern authors pretend to exhibit human nature. A sort of bombast prose, worse than the broken German of Dr. Render's *Don Carlos*, has become the regular diction of the drama; and that elegant and classical metre in which Shakespear, Ottway, and Rowe made their characters utter the sentiments of nature, is wholly discarded. The play before us is a rich specimen of that excellence which meets such *distinguished success* on our theatres, that no man, who has studied either Shakespear, or that book of nature which Shakespear studied, will now venture to rival the inimitable productions of the day. The extravagance of this *Foundling of the Forest* can only be equalled by the shameful licentiousness and indecency with which those parts which are intended to be comic, most shamefully abound. It is, upon the whole, a vile composition.

*The Abdication of Ferdinand, or, Napoleon at Bayonne : an Historical Play, in Five Acts.—Whatever Profits the Author may share from this Play, will be given to the Spanish Fund.*

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It has, indeed, been a trial of the charity and patriotism of our patience, to read this historical play to the end. We hope, for the sake of the Spanish Fund, that there may be many readers endowed more with the virtue of Job than ourselves. He must have the cause of Spain at heart, indeed, who can stomach such expressions as these; “By the *configuration* of my thoughts,” —“And stranger it would be, if he were *usual* as other men” —“Infirm with years, and *usual* to *suffering*.” Napoleon embracing Charles, says, “I *gather* you to this security.”—A perpetual affectation of metaphorical diction leads the author into continual absurdities.

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## POLITICAL SUMMARY.

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SINCE the establishment of periodical publications, perhaps no miscellany ever commenced its political functions at a period so replete with great events as the present, and so pregnant with the promises of greater. After a revolution of twenty years generated upon the worst of passions by the best of principles, born in freedom and baptized in blood, cradled in domestic crimes, and nurtured with the incense of a surpassing military glory, France has become the acknowledged mistress of the fairest portion of Europe, the real controller of those over whom she has not yet openly exercised her authority, and even the spring which influences, the spirit which operates upon, and gives direction to, the councils of these islands, and to the feelings of the people

ple. Her progress is too recent in the memory of every man, her crimes too dark, and her renown too splendid, to render it necessary for us to trace her phenomenal career from anarchy to despotism, from imbecility to semi-omnipotence. Greatly is she indebted to those fine and generous principles with which she commenced ; more still to the fanatical and sanguinary genius of Jacobinism ; but perhaps she owes most of all to the virtues and vices, to the insatiable vanity and methodical madness of her Emperor. After having deprived her of every shadow of political liberty, he supplied a code of civil rights, excellent, it is said, in its structure, and beneficial in its operation. Putting his knee upon the neck of a fiery race in their wild career of turbulence—assuming at once the tone and peremptoriness of a soldier, in a council of demagogues, and in a city of revolutionists, he compelled the one to bow down before him in the dust, and the others he condescended to make the agents of his own aggrandizement. But in trampling upon justice, in elevating himself above the laws, in converting unbridled licentiousness into a stern and ruthless tyranny, he saved France—he has given steadiness to the energy of her armies, and genius to her ambitious politics. France, as to her external relations, commands an horizon wider in circle, widening still, and less confined than that of any other modern nation.

Whether the last campaign which Napoleon has concluded, is to be succeeded by a series of events, similar in their capacity and splendor, to those which generally follow his victories, we have yet to learn. His divorce from Josephine appears for a moment to have paralyzed his energies. There is a pause in his career—but it is a pause, we apprehend, that will give his future course accelerated velocity. His troops are already marching towards Spain ; and he means once more to put himself at their head. With regard to that devoted country the man must be destitute of every sentiment of generosity who could contemplate the peninsula for the last eighteen months without feeling his heart expanded at the struggle in which she is engaged, and his mind occasionally saddened at the certainty of the reverses which menace her cause.

Indeed

Indeed her cause has been that of Europe and of mankind. Never, since the first burst of the French Revolution, did any event arise, which, in an equal degree, roused the best passions of the people, as the Spanish Insurrection. So congenial in principle was the spirit of resistance which this brave people manifested, so strongly was the interest of England interwoven in the cause, that it is no wonder our admiration became enthusiastic, and that in the exaltation of our hopes, at the unforeseen and really wonderful successes of the Patriots in their first efforts we spurned at the arithmetick of vulgar politics. Like the Mellenium men, who wrote in the republican era of France, like the M'Intoshes, Paines and Godwins, even before the contest began, before the principles were tried, we hailed the birth of a new period, of another golden age.

Those sentiments do honour to the hearts of Britons and Irishmen : but the exultation in which we have indulged, had already experienced a bitter disappointment. Too busily employed in toasting the Spanish Patriots, in displaying our contempt for King Joseph, and our hatred of his imperial brother—too intent on numbering the forces, valour, discipline and prudence of our allies, we dismissed from our consideration the prudence, discipline and valour of their antagonists. The flight of Joseph from Madrid, the defence of Saragossa by Palafox, and the surrender of Dupont were circumstances sufficient to dazzle a less sanguine temperament than that of ours. Accordingly these events closed our eyes against the unaccountable inactivity of all the Spanish Generals, and of an army three times as numerous as that of the French under Ney. We saw that commander with forty-five thousand men keep the field against all the forces, and all the armies of Spain—and with an unaccountable infatuation, we saw this without trembling for the ultimate result. At length Napoleon arrives upon the ground with reinforcements ; the Patriotic troops are compelled to fly in every direction ; every battle is a triumph to the French Emperor ; and Madrid, after a frantic display of resistance, opens her gates to the conqueror,

At



At this period, Sir John Moore found himself in the centre of the kingdom. He marched, countermarched, and at length, at the expence of life saved his army. But of this campaign, we shall have occasion at a future opportunity to enter into a fuller detail. In the mean time Bonaparte was called to the Austrian War. The struggle was brief but tremendous. Austria fell. Her name still remains, and the greater part of her territory; but had there not been a Court Gazette published in Vienna, we should have scarcely heard of a power, once the first in Europe. Whether the Star of that House, hitherto deemed so fortunate has set for ever—whether the mighty family of the Maximilians and Leopolds is ever to raise its head again, we should feel very little solicitude, although perhaps some curiosity in enquiring, if the frightful preponderance of France did not confer upon that family, an interest, to which intrinsically it can lay no claim. Never yet, with the exception, it may be, of the present Archduke CHARLES, did that House produce a great or even an amiable character. Cold blooded calculators, mere tactical soldiers, unpatriotic politicians *the family* and the family *only* was the first, second, and third object in their contemplation. Hungary lost its ancient and worthy name; Bohemia was heard of no more since her disgraceful and ruinous UNION with the House of Austria—these have become mere *officin militum*, or mere financial provinces. Bonaparte found them such as well as Austria itself, and we should feel very little regret at his humbling the eagles of that haughty, imbecile and tyrannical power, if we did not recollect that our safety was in some measure indentified with theirs. Austria is now paralyzed, astounded and silent.

While the ruin of this power was accomplishing, Lord Wellington with a degree of rashness, not even to be paralleled at Assaye, fought and gained as the king says, the battle of Talavera. Obligated to a precipitate and disgraceful flight, he left his hospital to the mercy of the enemy, and betook himself, for the purpose of refreshing his troops into the marshes of Estramadura. He was rewarded, however, for his temerity by a peerage; and his brother, with the modesty characteristic of the Wellesleys, declared in the House of Lords that not a peer  
that

that heard him, deserved his honors better. But this oriental bombast must eventually experience the mortification it so justly merits.

When Lord Wellington returned to defend Portugal, the patriots made other movements, but were repeatedly defeated. The battle of Ocaña seems to have completed their discomfiture; but the London and Spanish papers still abuse our patience by promising magnificent results. In Ireland their case, the most righteous that ever fired the heart or armed the hands of a nation, was not welcomed with the enthusiasm, nor received with the characteristic ardor, which similarity of religion, ancient, perhaps fanciful tradition, that derived both nations from the same stock, and above all, that zeal for liberty which distinguishes the resistance of the Spaniards, might induce us to expect. Accordingly as our hopes were not so exalted, our disappointment has not been so severe as those of our credulous fellow countrymen, who breathe the purer and more liberal air of England. John Bull, with all his gravity, and with all his excellent qualities, is, when his interest or his passions happen to interfere, a very infant. Napoleon was marching from one side of the Continent to the other—the thunder of his foot was heard in the centre of London, and what was more, his commercial restrictions were felt at her core, when having miscalculated the character of the Spanish people, he roused them into an universal insurrection, meagre the efforts of their Aristocracy to force them under the yoke. John immediately began to utter fine things about liberty and religion, and foreign usurpation, and he called upon the Irish Catholic to step forth in defence of a religion assailed by that enemy of God and man, the Emperor of the French. The Irish Catholic magnified his patron Saint at the sudden alteration, and stared with that face of vacant wonder and characterless insipidity, which, say the English physiognomists, is peculiarly to the Papist face. They hoped that this dalliance between the Church of England and the old Lady of Babylon might produce a plenary indulgence for all their errors, doctrinal and real, religious or political. But we fear that they will be mistaken—that they will find England is more heartily

tily a foe to Bonaparte, than a friend to Ferdinand—more concerned for the money market than the inviolability of the church, and that with regard to an ally, she would league with the very Devil against the Usurper, only for the shrewd suspicion she entertains that there is a previous compact between them. If the people of Ireland believe and experience these things, is their luke-warmness in the cause of Spain matter of reproach to them, or of surprise to their fellow subjects?

With respect to domestic politics; the disgraces of the Scheld, the defeat of the minister, and the probability of a change in administration are the leading topics that present themselves for observation. The people of Ireland indeed are amusing themselves with the VETO: we think the people of Ireland very foolishly employed; they have suffered enough by mixing religious and political questions. The integrity of the Catholic church! Is this time to be discussing theological tenets? the Catholics are looking for political rights—to those they have a just claim and to that claim the legislature must ultimately accede. It would be a solecism in politics to doubt it. Nevertheless we cannot but regard with astonishment the answer which Mr. W. Pole gave to the deputation from the Queen's County. That gentleman is said to have declared himself a decided enemy to Catholic Emancipation—no very conciliatory conduct, we should think, at a period in which to conciliate seems to be the order of the *Irish Court*, as the Newspapers call the Castle.

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WHEN *Tanierwick* first came to London, he lived at the west end of the town. One day, after paying several visits, he found himself a little out of his latitude, and called a hackney, when this dialogue ensued:

*Coachman*.—(shutting the door) Where to, sir?

*Tan.*—Home—*mon ami*—you go me home.

*Coachman*.—Home, sir, where's that?

*Tan.*—By gar, I know no—de name of de dam street has *cehapè* has escaped out of my memory: I have forgot him. Vat I shall do?

*Coachman*.—(grins.)

*Tan.*—Ah! you are gay—come now—you understand de musique.—Eh!

*Coachman*.—Music—what's that to do with the street?

*Tan.*—Ah! *vous verrez*—you shall see—(hums a tune)—Vat is dat?

*Coachman*.—Malbrook.

*Tan.*—Ah! by gar—dat is him—Malbro'-street—now you drive-a-me home.—Eh!

This is a fact. We have often heard that "*music hath charms*" to do many clever things, but this, we believe, is the first time of its instructing a hackney coachman where he was to set down.

## *Fashions for February 1810.*

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### *MANTLE WALKING DRESS.*


A white cambric round dress, buttoned from the throat to the feet; ornamented at the bottom with four small tucks; finished at the neck with a ruck of lace. A mantle of scarlet Merino cloth, reaching to the petticoat behind, sloped up on one side to the waist, on the other to a little above the knees; confined over the bosom on the right side with cords and tassels; a tippet of the same material as the cloak is attached to the collar behind, and hangs in a point gracefully over the opposite shoulder: the whole is ornamented with a rich embossed trimming of purple and orange velvet. A trencher bonnet, finished with tassels, and ornamented with purple ribband velvet. Boots of red Morocco; gloves of lavender kid or York tan; ridicule of scarlet velvet.

### *A FINE INDIA MUSLIN TRAIN DRESS.*

Fitted close to the shape, edged over the bosom with scallop lace; a rich lace drapery suspended from the shoulders; long lace sleeves, the cuffs ornamented with bugles. A purple French scarf, finished with gold tassels, thrown gracefully over the shoulders; a white satin cap with a lace rosette, a pearl aigrette placed in the centre, and ornamented with a long white ostrich plume. Pearl neck lace, cross, and ear-rings. Shoes and gloves of pale lemon coloured kid. Hair in full tufted curls.





*His Grace*  *Charles Lennox*  
*Duke of Richmond* *and Lennox*  
**LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.**

*Engraved for the Monthly Panorama.*